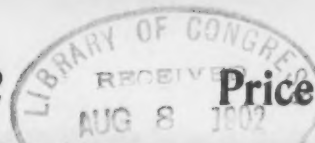


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WILLIAM-MARION-REEDY
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR



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THE QUITTER.

BY BUCKLES.

A MEMBER of the St. Louis House of Delegates, Paul Reiss, has resigned his seat in that body because, as he says, he cannot surrender his individual rectitude to the controlling majority. The action is, by some, called "heroic." But is it? Does not the resigning delegate appear as a quitter? Does not the logic that justifies his giving up the fight against a dominant combine in the House justify a man in committing suicide when the cards in the game of life seem stacked against him?

The morality of such a "lay down" as that of ex-Delegate Reiss is questionable. If such an act were right, then everyone might throw up his hands and quit in the fight against evil in life and allow the forces of the Adversary to triumph by default. It is just this quitting of the friends of Right that helps along the Wrong. The real champion of right is the one who fights to the end and dies with his back to the wall.

Delegate Reiss says that he could not get anything for his ward. He says that his opposition to the majority induced the majority to act against the interests of his ward. The majority disliked him so much it killed all measures for the benefit of his ward. Therefore he resigned. Mr. Reiss does not say why he was unpopular with the combine, and therefore could get nothing. The fact is, that Mr. Reiss was disliked by the combine because he had tried to send two members thereof to the penitentiary by his testimony tending to convict them of perjury in connection with bribery. Mr. Reiss can hardly expect to be popular with men he tries to send to State's prison, or with the other men whom his testimony brands as crooks.

There is no need to find fault with Mr. Reiss for doing what he deemed his duty in turning State's evidence upon his associates, but he must be classed as a ninny for even faintly hoping that after such action the men he appeared against would do anything to advance his individual fortunes or political or representative interests in the House. Still, if he was right in fighting the combine and in testifying certain members thereof into the penitentiary, he should have remained in the fight until the end. He should not have resigned and acknowledged defeat. As a reformer he has no right to despair of righteousness. It was more necessary that he should remain crying out in the wilderness against the evils he opposed, than that his ward should get material benefits. If the material benefits are the greater interest, then he should have joined the combine to get them. He sacrificed the benefits, on this supposition, to a desire to convict his associates of crime. And now, by resigning, he removes himself from all possibility of further service in the fight against the corrupt majority. He sacrificed his ward's interests by his antagonism of those who could serve them. Then he gives up the fight for honest legislation because his conduct jeopardized the material interests of his constituents. He fooled as a ward-representative and then he "lay down" on his general principles. He lacked both tact and courage; both diplomacy and endurance. He advertises his incompetency as a legislator at the same time that he blazons forth his moral superiority over his associates.

It is not clear that Mr. Reiss has done anything to better the conditions he has quit fighting. His surrender to conditions must dishearten other fighters on that side. If all champions of all good causes were to quit when the game seems going against them, no good cause would ever win. I would commend to the consideration of ex-Delegate Reiss, and all other reformers, the saying of Ignatius Loyola, that,

in a crisis of one's affairs, one should pray as if he had no hope of help on earth and work as if there were no hope of help from heaven. Mr. Reiss is not a hero; he is a deserter.

And the moralizing upon this incident in the local fight for good government is applicable to the universal fight for the betterment of human conditions. The world has no use for quitters. The battle for right is eternal. There may be times when one fighting for right may employ diplomacy to gain advantage of the enemy, but there is never a time in the struggle for any high cause when the friends of that cause are aught but traitors if they stop fighting and cry out that there is no hope. The way to perfection lies through a series of disgusts, says some one, but there is no way to perfection for anyone, or for the cause of anyone, whose disgust becomes despair.

REFLECTIONS.

Democratic Thunder

IOWA Republicans, in their lately adopted platform, demand a revision of the Dingley tariff law, which will abolish or lower all duties which tend to afford shelter under which monopolies may grow up and flourish. This is a significant and refreshing independence of thought. It is Roosevelt Republicanism that will make many Roosevelt Democrats. Iowa Republicans have turned their backs on that political trickster, Babcock, who asked for tariff revision last year, and then, after his appointment as Chairman of the Republican National Congressional Committee, made a volte face, and opposed "anything that would disturb prosperity." Babcock evidently likes that sort of prosperity which leads to the selling of trust-manufactured goods at lower prices in Europe than at home. The Iowa platform attests the spirit that prevails among Western Republicans. The Western farmer does not care for a tariff that protects and creates monopolies and deprives him of better and larger markets abroad for his products.

WINSTON CHURCHILL, author of "The Crisis," is a candidate for the Legislature in Vermont, and Booth Tarkington, author of "Monsieur Beaucaire," is a candidate for the Legislature in Indiana. Both these literary men are able to write the only kind of writing that "goes" with political committees—to wit, cheques.

Stabbing Cuba

ANTI-ADMINISTRATION Republicans are chuckling with "ghoulis glee" over the financial and economic distress of Cuba. They set up a cry of delight every time they hear of a new symptom of President Palma's sore plight. They fairly hug themselves over the news that the Cuban Government intends to raise a loan of \$30,000,000, and hasten to show that such an act will be the finish of the young sister Republic, because the provisions of the Platt amendment provide for interference by the United States whenever foolish Cuba makes an effort to plunge herself into bankruptcy. And all the time they reiterate that they are the most disinterested and most unselfish friends that Cuba has in the whole wide world. Could there be anything more disgusting and more hypocritical? There is absolutely nothing decent in the attitude of these Republicans towards Cuba. Some time ago, they fairly shrieked with hysterical fear, when it was proposed to lower the duty on Cuban sugar, and predicted that the passage of such a concession would ruin our "infant" beet-sugar industry. Yet they are staunch friends of any policy favoring the annexation of Cuba. They do not realize the "appalling danger" that is

involved in annexation and an admission of Cuban sugar to the United States free of duty. If, as they assert, a tariff concession would have ruined the beet-sugar people, what may we expect from annexation? The Republicans do not seem to realize the inconsistency of this attitude. Cuba will be annexed some day, undoubtedly, but it is indecent and dishonorable for us to hasten the day by treacherously stabbing the perplexed Palma Administration at every opportunity. Americans have always been generous and preferred fair-play, and it will be an ill day for the United States when it has definitely acquired the reputation of being the greatest hypocrite among the nations of the world.

THE Board of Lady Managers of the World's Fair is a remarkable body. It has nothing to do with the World's Fair, or, apparently, with anything else. It is an aggregation of official Mrs. Harrises, for "they ain't no such persons."

Waste Not, Want Not

FEW people have any adequate conception of the modern utilization of waste. Yet there is quite a well developed industry devoted to it. A Boston expert, Henry G. Kittredge, has an interesting study in the United States census reports on this subject. He informs us that some of our choicest perfumes are made of ill-smelling elements. The oil of apples and the oil of pears are made out of the fusel oil obtained in the distillation of spirits. Oil of pineapple is made by the action of putrid cheese on sugar, or by distilling rancid butter with alcohol and sulphuric acid. The drainings of cow-houses are utilized for the purpose of producing one of the best-liked perfumes on my lady's toilet table. Perfumed soap and confectionery contains oil of bitter almonds obtained from the products of coal tar. The utilization of waste forms quite an important item in municipal households. The City of Glasgow, Scotland, obtains heat from furnaces into which inflammable waste of all sorts is thrown, and uses it for manufacturing purposes and producing electric light and power. The food-wastes of New York City are disposed of by steam-digestion and a separation of the cooked products into greases and fertilizer products. The solids, after being dried and screened, are sold to manufacturers of fertilizers, and by them converted into grades especially adapted to the cotton belt. The greases are generally sold abroad, refined and separated into various grades, such as lard oil, red oil and glycerine. Saw-dust, which was formerly thrown away as valueless, is now transformed into solid wood, with a durability and polish not found in mahogany, rosewood or ebony. In Norway they produce naphtha, acetic acid and tar from sawdust. Sugar is obtained from birch sawdust, and alcohol from various other kinds. In Germany, they convert the needle-shaped leaflets of pine trees into what is known as forest-wool for wadding, which is utilized as suitable material for mattress-stuffing, for manufacture into hygienic fabrics for medical use and for articles of dress, such as underclothes and chest-protectors. Waste material is utilized in hundreds of other ways, according to Mr. Kittredge's monograph. It seems that its possibilities for use are unlimited. Chemistry will yet work wonders in this apparently so humble field of human effort. In the centuries to come there shall be no waste. Matter will be used and re-used until its last possibilities of use are exhausted. Then we shall see whether the millennium of "want not" will come in with the universality of adherence to the adjuration, "waste not!"

READING the interviews with Hell-roaring Jake Smith, one is impressed with the idea that he thinks he should be known as the good Samaritan for his civilizing efforts in Samar.

The Art of Advertising

If you wish to get a good idea of advertising brought up to date, read *The Four Track News*, published by Mr. Geo. H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent of the New York

Central, Grand Central Station, New York. This monthly magazine contains a wealth of valuable information, pleasantly presented, and generally excellent reading matter relating to anything and everything that may interest the traveling public. It "boosts" the New York Central, but it also "boosts" every section of the United States. In the August number, there are several well-written articles, excellent pictures of charming landscapes, and departments devoted to editorial, travel, resorts, books, the stage, etc. It is a magazine in everything that the word implies, and it appeals to all the tastes that find gratification in the modern illustrated periodical. The contents are unique and entertaining, and they are so handled as to keep the advertising purpose of the publication from becoming unduly prominent. It is not given away, but it is offered the public at a price anyone can afford—5 cents a month, or 50 cents a year; thus enhancing its worth in the mind of the reader. Mr. Daniels' methods of advertising deserve unstinted praise. They aim at instruction as well as entertainment. They are artistic and refined, and tremendously effective. They cater to the best instincts of the public, and eschew the vulgar and offensive. The General Passenger Agent of the New York Central has established a reputation for himself as a successful advertiser of original ideas, the superior, because so much more artistic, of even the great P. T. Barnum. The public likes and is attracted only by the best there is in everything, and this is especially the case when it comes to advertising. The advertising of Mr. Daniels is literature and art. He sets the pace for all the railroad advertising of the country, and his work is known in all languages and in all parts of the earth. Mr. Daniels is not only a great advertiser and a great railroad man; he is now to be ranked among the great editors.

PRESIDENT SCHURMAN, of Cornell, has now taken a third position as to our status in the Philippines. President Schurman is the limit in the matter of polyhedric personality in politics. Orator Puff was nothing to him.

The Slaughtering Surgeons

NOW that King Edward appears to be out of danger, it may be timely to offer congratulations to Sir Frederick Treves, the eminent surgeon who performed the delicate operation upon the royal patient. There was a disposition, a few weeks ago, especially among American surgeons, to criticize Sir Frederick's diagnosis and operation. The critics have all been silenced, however, by the rapid recovery of the King. It is only too well known that American surgery is unusually active in the treatment of appendicitis. It was asserted, recently, by an American medical authority, Dr. McBirney, that every person has to be operated upon for appendicitis at sometime during his or her life. If that is really the case, as John Rockefeller said, when paying a bill for such an operation, the American surgeon has a greater "cinch" than the Standard Oil Trust. According to the opinions of leading European authorities, Americans are entirely too ready to resort to the surgeon's knife in appendicitis cases. Sir Frederick Treves asserts that our knowledge of the pathology of the disease and its general mortality will not sanction the practice of opening the abdomen in every case of appendicitis, as soon as the diagnosis has been established, and that immediate operation is demanded only, at the earliest possible moment, in all ultra-acute cases, and in all cases where there is a reasonable suspicion that suppuration has taken place. Sir Frederick has had a wide and valuable experience at the London Hospital, and he may be presumed to know as much about appendicitis and its treatment as the most eminent American surgeon, to say nothing of the American infants who undertake capital cases two weeks after graduation. His tables prove that operations carried out during an acute attack are attended with a risk of life which is probably expressed by a mortality of over 20 per cent. American surgeons cannot be said, even by their most strenuous apologists,

to be conservative and cautious in their treatment of appendicitis, and they are hardly in a position to offer criticism upon a treatment which, as the *Medical Record* says, has been thoroughly justified by the gratifying result, for which King Edward may be expected to reward Sir Frederick Treves in a handsome manner. American surgeons should keep in the background, after the botch they made at Buffalo, last year. American surgeons have been operating too much with their eyes upon the newspapers and they have too generally come to a realization that a patient or a patient's family or friends will stand big bills for cutting while they will protest at charges for mere examination and prescribing of drugs. Surgery is popular because persons who have been carved, or their friends, are ready to pay on the theory that they get something for their money. Surgery is not so slaughterous as it was a few years ago. There has been a reaction against it. The successful surgeon will, in time and in a modified way, be the one who discourages operations, just as the successful lawyer is the one who keeps his clients out of lawsuits.

ISN'T the country just a little tired of "Puttie" Strong and his leman and their doings? The publicity given the pair in the daily papers is an affront to all decency.

Dockery Waked Up

MISSOURI Republicans are lining up with the Populists to defeat the Democrats, as the *MIRROR* has been saying they would do for a year past. But the Populist party is not doing any lining up. Only the "leaders" are in the deal, and the leaders cannot deliver the goods in the country districts. The best Republican elements do not like the Populist deal and will possibly resent it by staying away from the polls. The scheme of a political merger might be more promising of success if the details of it had not been "blown" so far ahead of the election. The people of Missouri are not fools enough to accept a deal in which the demagogic Public Ownership satraps are hand-in-glove with railway lobbyists and capitalists. The *MIRROR* happens to know that the Republican capitalistic interests in Missouri have recently looked ahead and calculated what bad policy it would be to increase Populist strength in this State. They would be arming a power against themselves in the future. There is reaction in the Republican ranks against the contemplated fusion with the Public-ownership and Populist parties and a disposition to accept another term of Democratic power in preference to the possible rule of out-and-out agrarian Socialists. Furthermore, the glaring daring of the framers of the Republican-Populist alliance has begotten increased activity among the Democrats and the boys in butternut are beginning to come out of the brush. The capitalists who were to finance the alliance are beginning to weaken on the proposition and Governor Dockery, who was thought to be so timorous and undecided in the matter of meeting crises, has suddenly shown that he will fight and press the fighting. His personal war against the renomination of Judge Sherwood, the railroad candidate for Supreme Judge, has shown what the corporations may expect during the remaining two years of his term if they succeed in accomplishing the defeat of his ticket. Furthermore, it is understood that Governor Dockery intends to "smoke out" every railroad cow-corporator in every county in the State and make him declare himself for or against the dicker between the Republicans, the Populists and some lobbyist Democrats. The indications are that the dickerers have waked up a personality in Dockery that they did not suspect existed. He has quit winking and begun hitting out from the shoulder. He has come to a show-down, and is determined to make a stand against those who have been playing upon his supposedly constitutional timorousness for years past. This is an entirely new development, shown conspicuously in his coming to St. Louis to supervise personally the proceedings of the Democratic State Committee, and it cannot be said that the Democracy dislikes the sight of the Governor coming out

boldly against his enemies, even if the opposition does cry "boss" at him. It begins to look very much as if Governor Dockery is stronger than he ever was before and as if he would succeed in checking the threatened disintegration of his party and in checkmating his foes. This is the situation to-day and it is a tremendous change from that of three or four weeks ago when the Democracy seemed "up against a desperate game." Republican chances of carrying Missouri are not nearly so good as they were, and the reason is that one Alexander Monroe Dockery has waked up and got a move on himself.

A GREAT many editors seem to think that President Roosevelt is running the country with an eye single to finding nice jobs for General Leonard Wood. But a great many editors only seem to think about anything.

Jeffersonian Crankery

THE sedate and conservative New York Independent, in a humorously-written article, makes the assertion that Thomas Jefferson was nothing but a crank, and that the Declaration of Independence is the crankiest political document ever promulgated by man. This is no news. We suspected it all along. In fact, we never had the least doubt about Thomas Jefferson's crankiness. It required an exceedingly cranky brain to read the riot act to the British in 1776. In fact, all the signers of the Declaration of Independence were cranks. They were all possessed with the free government hobby, and went ahead with that courage, recklessness and spirit of self-sacrifice that has always been characteristic of the true crank. Thomas Jefferson, however, was the leader of them all. He may be said to have been the very incarnation of crankiness. He is the father of all American cranks, from 1776 down to the present day. The typical, genuine Jefferson crank may be recognized by his love of honesty and square-dealing, by his devoted adherence to the principles of a Democratic government, by his faith in majority rule, and by his abhorrence of legislation that favors the few at the expense of the many. He is the best crank specimen that we know of. And he always fights against tremendous odds. Why? Because he represents brain in combat with ignorance and selfishness. He always stands up for the rights of man, and the rights of man are forever the object of vigorous and unceasing assault by the beneficiaries of privilege. At the present time, the Jefferson crank is once more waving aloft the flag of unrestricted trade with all nations. He is arming himself for a determined fight against trust-breeding protection, against trade monopolies and Congressional class legislation. That it will be a bitter struggle, that he has to overcome a world of prejudice, greed and ignorance, he knows full well. But he relies upon the innate good, common sense of the masses of the American people. He is certain that all of the people cannot be fooled all of the time. The political weather-cock is slowly, but surely, veering around. There are distinct signs that the name of the Jefferson crank will be legion within a few years. The Philistines are already realizing that there is trouble and danger ahead. They begin to raise the calamity howl, an old trick that they make use of whenever the cranks march up to the assault of their camp. Because reports have been current that there is an intention of revising the tariff during the coming session of Congress, the Philistine calamity howler has been galvanized into unexpected and almost unprecedented activity. He has rushed to the front, wildly gesticulating, with hysterical shriek that the Jefferson cranks are once more trying to ruin the country, just as they did when they promulgated and signed the Declaration of Independence. He is pointing, with Niobe face, to the July deficit in the Federal Treasury, and insisting that any tinkering with the tariff will have frightful consequences to the Treasury, and result in an alarming deficit at the end of the current fiscal year. The Philistine is all fear and worry, when there is the least danger of a letting down of tariff barriers, of a withdrawal of the protection for monopolies and

trusts, of a cessation of class legislation. He does not hesitate to resort to calamity howling, when, in his opinion, times and circumstances require it, when the Jefferson crank is too aggressive and ready to deliver a blow at the right spot. But the Philistine is fighting a futile fight; his days are numbered. This country is too big, too rich and too enterprising for protection. It needs more room, and is going to have it, all talk of the Philistine to the contrary notwithstanding. The signs of the times point toward a coming free interchange of commodities between all nations. The commercial spirit is abroad throughout the world, and will tear down one protection fence after another. If there is to be an international brotherhood of men, there can be no high tariff protection. Our trade combinations are solving the problem, and the solution of it will be helped by the Jefferson crank who is bobbing up in every civilized country of the world. The big trusts, our infant industries, with billion dollar capital, the monopolies, which always cry "give, give, give," like the daughter of the horse-leech, all the favored few who have for so long been under the fostering care and protection of the Philistine, will knock down the barriers themselves and deny their own parentage. Let the Jefferson crank continue to hammer away. May his tribe increase, so that the approach of the day of victory may be hastened.

How would good old Adlai Stevenson do for the Democratic Presidential nominee in 1904? There isn't anybody else who accomplishes successfully the straddle of both Clevelandism and Bryanitis.

The Panama Canal

SOME of our British friends are badly worried about the construction of the Panama Canal. They are afraid that we will not be able to secure the right kind of laborers to do the work, and that, for this reason, the canal will never be completed. What silly ideas these English have! Can it be that jealously is at the bottom of their sudden outburst of apprehension about our inability to secure enough laborers? John Bull may, however, compose himself. The canal will be built, in proper shape, and completed, perhaps, in less time than he imagines. When Brother Jonathan goes to work on anything, he means to finish it, and that as quickly as possible. If, as seems very likely, the United States selects the Panama route, the canal will be constructed according to American ideas and American methods. There will be no de Lesseps waste about it; no boodling and no swindling of stockholders. The Government engineers have reported that the work on the canal is one-third done, and they estimate that the work can be completed in from three to five years. The principal work, confined to twenty-three of the total of forty-six miles, consists of the two great dams at Alajuela and Bohia. The United States has undoubtedly made a good bargain in the matter. It will pay only \$40,000,000 for \$125,000,000 worth of work done by the French. If the British are so fond of worrying about America and American projects, they will have ample occasion to do their share after the Panama Canal has been thrown open to the commerce of the world. When the dream of Magellan and Columbus has at last come true, when the new connection between Occident and Orient has been established, then, indeed, may the Britisher have reason to worry about consequences. His old Suez Canal will lose its importance, when ships begin to pass through the Panama Canal and the world's commerce has found a new and better route between East and West. Besides the Panama Canal, there is something else which will seriously affect the business of the Egyptian ditch, and that is the Trans-Siberian Railway, which will soon be completed and revolutionize European trade with China, Japan and Korea. The importance of that vast system of railroad lines cannot be overestimated. And there is still another route to be taken into consideration, namely that which is now being constructed by German and French capitalists, to connect Constantinople with the Persian Gulf and India. It will cut through Asia Minor and Mesopotamia and

throw many thousands of square miles open to the world's commerce and civilization. There will be tremendous changes, before a great while, in trade routes. The twentieth century promises to become an era of transportation enterprises on a vast scale, both by land and water, and the greatest of them all will undoubtedly be the Panama Canal.

THERE used to be a man named Chauncey Mitchell Depew whose name was on all men's lips. What has become of him? Even the German Emperor forgot him when distributing the American desecrations.

The Woman

CHARLES W. SPALDING, once a prominent financier and banker of Chicago, has been released from the Joliet penitentiary on a writ of habeas corpus. And thereby hangs a tale of a wife's unfaltering devotion to her husband. For four long years, Mrs. Spalding has been working for the release of her husband from prison. She tried everything that her or her lawyer's ingenuity could devise. She never lost courage, but kept up the fight, when others acknowledged defeat. And her unceasing efforts have at last been rewarded. When the writ of habeas corpus had been granted by the Chicago court, she took the first train for Joliet. Arriving at the penitentiary, she rushed into the room where her husband was at work, threw her arms around him, and laughed and cried in succession. She told him that she had been sure of success, and that she had been ready to try something else in case of another disappointment. It is now "up to" Mr. Spalding to justify his wife's action. The writer remembers a similar case in which, after five years of effort, a wife secured the release from the Missouri penitentiary of her embezzler husband, procured him a position of trust, in which he again become an embezzler, made good the second defalcation, and finally was forced to secure a divorce because the man maltreated her. The most wonderful thing in the world, surely, is the way in which women, with all their splendid intuition will, now and then, make heroes of the veriest scum of mankind. It is almost enough to make a man afraid of himself when he discovers that some woman really thinks a good deal of him. The worst woman in the world has something in her finer and nobler than what may be found in the best man. The true woman is beyond all estimate.

So the President is going to Newport. What a great historical painting could be made of the inevitable meeting of Theodore Roosevelt and Harry Lehr!

Senator Spooner's Stand

POLITICS in Wisconsin have been "warm" for some time. There is a big factional fight between the "Stalwarts" and the "Half-Breeds." The former are the orthodox, and the latter the liberal Republicans. They are fighting each other tooth and nail. The whole State has been aroused by the desperate struggle; papers have been subsidized, and committees are at work in every city, town and county, trying to enlighten voters regarding principles at stake in the fierce political contest. Gov. LaFollette is the recognized and dashing leader of the "Half-Breeds." His hobbies are direct primary election of Senators and increased taxation of railroads. During the last session of the Wisconsin Legislature, he made strong efforts to have the Republican majority pass his reform measures, but the "Stalwarts" united their votes with the Democratic minority, and thus succeeded in frustrating the Governor's purposes. The "Half-Breed" leader, however, was not willing to give up the fight; he rallied his followers, and at the late convention of his party he had the satisfaction of seeing his reform proposals indorsed and inserted in his party's platform, notwithstanding the frantic opposition of the "Stalwarts." The latter are presumed to be headed and inspired by Mr. Spooner, the Senior United States Senator from Wisconsin. It is openly charged by the "Half-

The Mirror

Breeds" that it was owing to Mr. Spooner's personal, stealthy efforts that Gov. LaFollette's reform measures failed to pass during the last session of the Legislature. The "Stalwarts" had hopes that the magic name of Senator Spooner would overshadow the Governor's prestige, and induce the Convention to indorse the Senator's record and to declare in favor of his re-nomination. But nothing of the sort happened. In spite of the urgent appeals of his friends, the Senator refused to express any opinion on Wisconsin politics, or to reconsider his announced withdrawal from the race for election to the United States Senate this fall. He does not longer bother himself with the petty strife and intrigue of Wisconsin politics. He has established a National reputation for himself as a successful statesman and a leader in National politics. He has risen above his party and his principles. His political sphere has widened. It would be a disgrace for him to go back to Wisconsin, to talk to his loyal followers, and to thank the common people for their unfaltering fidelity and for the confidence and pride with which they have so long looked up to him. Away with your Wisconsin politics! The high and mighty Senator Spooner has other things to attend to. He is going to spend his summer vacation in the pine-woods of Maine. If his party wishes to endorse it, they can and should do so without any personal appeals from him. He is entitled to an endorsement. He and his record speak for themselves. And so Senator Spooner stayed away from the convention and refused to commit himself in any manner or form, the result being that the "Stalwarts" were defeated, and the "Half-Breeds" won the day. If Senator Spooner wishes to enter the race for election to the United States Senate again, he will find that Gov. LaFollette has stolen a march on him, and that it would have been better for him had he stepped down from his lofty pedestal and made his followers feel that he was still the same old Spooner, and still close to their party feelings and affections. It is not good for man to puff himself up; to look down upon others; to display contemptuous indifference to things which agitate the mind and heart of the people, even if he is a United States Senator, with a National reputation and a record for astute and successful statesmanship.

SINGLE TAXERS are delighted at the fight on the landlordism of the Philippine Friars. The friars have, in three hundred years, accumulated property worth about one-eighteenth of the holdings of Trinity church, New York. But then landlordism is different in the Philippines.

Before DeWindt

THE papers are full of the "heroic" deeds of one Harry DeWindt, who goes about bragging of his trip across Siberia and his crossing of Behring Straits. His hardships, he says, have been many and almost unbearable. They always are for the conceited, scheming fellow who only does things for the money and the advertisement there are in it. DeWindt poses as the man who has achieved something never done before. He does not seem to know that, many years ago, there was a Col. Russell Farnum, a native of Vermont, and an Astor-Chouteau fur-trader of St. Louis, who did the thing that DeWindt has done, and under circumstances that the latter would have shrunk from with fright and terror. In Shepard's History of St. Louis, it is related that Col. Farnum set out from this city in the winter of 1812-13 on a trip to Astoria on the Pacific Coast, where he had to deliver some dispatches. He turned his back on civilization, when he left Boonville, on the Missouri River. Overcoming frightful hardships, and after having been beset with constant danger from savages and beasts, he at last reached the Pacific Coast. After delivering his messages, and recuperating somewhat from the trials of his perilous trip across the North American continent, he undertook to take dispatches of the Hudson Bay Company to St. Petersburg, Russia. With a dog as his only companion, and with a gun as his only protection, he proceeded along the Pacific Coast to the Russian settlements in Alaska. Thence

he proceeded to Behring Straits, which he crossed on the ice in the winter 1813-1814. With the zeal and courage of the true explorer, he then commenced his historic trip across Siberia, cutting across vast territories where the European had never before been seen. He met with no serious mishap of any kind. Thanks to his robust health, his athletic physical system and his frugal habits, the American fur-trader succeeded in reaching St. Petersburg hale and hearty. There he was presented to Czar Alexander I, as the bold American who had crossed the northern part of the Continent of Asia. The monarch took great interest in the fearless explorer, congratulated him on his wonderful achievement, and finally furnished him, unsolicited, with transportation to Paris. Col. Farnum swung around the European circle, crossed the Atlantic and, at last, reached the point of his departure, St. Louis, where he was received with wild demonstrations of enthusiasm and affection. The American globe-trotter died, in this city, in 1832. Compared with his exploring trip, that of DeWindt does not amount to much, considering the big advance made since 1812 in means of transportation both in North America and Siberia. Col. Farnum did not undertake his perilous trip with the intention of advertising himself. He was nothing but a true, undaunted, adventure-loving American trapper and fur-trader, familiar with dangers of all kinds, sure of his musket, and fond of the untrodden wilderness. There is no comparison between him and such drawing-room explorers as DeWindt. And that is perhaps the reason why Col. Farnum's marvelous achievements are comparatively unknown. In these days, when St. Louisans are fond of looking backwards, of recalling the times when their city was only an outpost of civilization, why is it that they do not remember the Odyssey of Col. Russell Farnum, and honor his name? He wrote a history of his trip and sent it to a New York publisher, but in some manner it was lost and the traveler died before he could re-write it.

THERE are ninety-three directors of the St. Louis World's Fair, but only two do any directing. Most of the others stand around and kick and growl in private against the Big Two and then go to the board meetings and approve blindly everything the Big Two put before them.

Our Interest in Asia

THE agreement by which Great Britain and Japan guarantee the independence of Korea is of vital significance. It means (1) that Japan is actively supported by a great European power in her plans aiming at a frustration of Russian designs; (2) that Great Britain is adopting a more vigorous policy in the Far East, now that the struggle in South Africa has been brought to a close, and (3) that the Anglo-Japanese alliance, recently concluded, is of an aggressive character. That Russia had, and still has, the intention of absorbing Korea and of extending her sway southward cannot be doubted by any intelligent student of Asiatic politics. She has been compared to a huge glacier that is slowly moving down from the Arctic regions towards the Indian Ocean. The politicians at St. Petersburg realize full well that Russia is still too much hampered; that her growing interests require more and better outlets towards the South. The seizure of Port Arthur and the Liaotung peninsula was the first well-defined and significant move towards a realization of long-cherished desires. The vast Trans-Siberian railway system will intensify Russian ambitions and hopes. It will also greatly increase the offensive and defensive power of the Northern Empire. At the present time, Russia is still in the throes of severe business depression and a series of revolutionary outbreaks. Political night is still black, but it is far spent, and the day is at hand. According to late news, the Czar is contemplating the inauguration of important reforms and the taking of steps looking towards the gradual establishment of a more liberal form of government. Russian industrial development has been badly checked in the last two years, but it is showing signs of recovery. The natural resources of the empire are little known; yet every competent authority admits that

they are simply enormous, and when they are at last developed upon an adequate scale, Russia may undergo a change that nobody would dare consider possible at the present time. The agricultural, industrial and mineral possibilities of both European and Asiatic Russia are simply unlimited. English, German and American engineers are now traveling through Siberia and the Ural Mountains looking for promising fields of enterprise. It is practically a certainty that there are big gold deposits in the southern part of Siberia. There are also great silver, copper and coal deposits. So far as agriculture is concerned, Siberia will, within twenty years, be a formidable competitor of this country in the production of wheat. In short, the territories of the Czar constitute an empire of marvelous natural wealth. And this natural wealth will have to be developed, and will require maritime outlets. It is, therefore, not surprising that the authorities at St. Petersburg are making desperate efforts to extend their dominions toward the Indian Ocean. Great Britain, Japan and other powers may do what they please; they will not be able to resist the "manifest destiny of Russia." Russia is a power to be reckoned with; it has a population that is growing rapidly (it is now close to 150,000,000), and her territory is compact and well-protected. With her back to the Arctic Ocean, Russia can well afford to defy her enemies, when the time of danger arrives. At present, she is biding her time with characteristic patience and developing her resources. She is preparing for the eventual struggle. Lord Salisbury, it is said, kept a close watch at all times on Russia and the Far East. He studied the Oriental problem more than anything else, because he realized the tremendous potentialities it contained. And this problem has become still more interesting and complicated since the United States has been compelled to take a hand in Chinese and Korean affairs. With the Philippine Islands in our possession, we are likewise an Asiatic power and must, *nolens volens*, protect our interests in and along the Pacific Ocean. Our trade interests are growing rapidly, and our anxiety to preserve and to enlarge the market for our surplus products has made us a silent partner of Great Britain and Japan, or, in other words, brought us into opposition to Russia. Commercial and industrial growth has, therefore, forced us into a position that we never intended to occupy. Nominally, we are still going it alone and friendly to everybody, but, *de facto*, we have united our interests with Japan, England and Korea. And this is, unquestionably, responsible for the signs of Russian animosity towards the United States. Yet we are no more responsible for our unique position in Far Eastern politics than Russia is for hers. We are expanding, and that is all there is to it.

RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON hasn't been heard from in ten days, and it is suspected that he is in a sanitarium undergoing treatment for the results of a surfeit of Cerf-bathing.

Death at Bay

VITAL statistics are always interesting. They are especially so at the present time, when there is so much talk about the deleterious influence on health produced by the change in economic conditions, the dangers of factory life, and the strain and stress involved in the modern struggle for existence. Statisticians have, for some years, collected their facts and figures with more than usual care. They have paid particular attention to the large cities. According to their figures, the death rate of New York City, in 1866, was 34.92 per thousand. This was, undoubtedly, a very high rate. It served to rouse the Board of Health into activity, and to bring about rigid sanitary methods. Tenement districts were submitted to a systematic surveillance; proper ventilation was insisted upon and enforced; the drainage system was regularly inspected; the milk supply received scientific and close attention; duly qualified medical officers were appointed to inspect public and private schools for the detection of contagious disorders and the isolation of their victims; the employment

of women and children in crowded and badly ventilated rooms, and for inordinately long hours, was strictly regulated, and what was the result? In 1876, the death rate had dropped to 27.11; in 1886, to 25.19 and in 1896, to 21.54 per cent. This represents a decline in the death rate, within the last thirty years, of 38 per cent. In the face of such results, there is every inducement for Boards of Health to insist upon a strict observance of sanitary rules and precautionary methods. Disease and death can be fought best by means of prevention. Education and the enforcement of sanitary rules will, eventually, make vital statistics still more interesting, and still more encouraging. In the face of all that we hear about the vileness of Municipal Government, a showing such as we have cited goes to prove that the world is growing better right along.

THE World's Fair managers have offered a prize of \$2,000 for a symbol for the great Exposition. It would be a good idea to offer an equal sum for the best Dedication Ode. There are a million people who think they are poets ready to try for the prize, and what better advertising could the Fair have than the interest taken in the event by that many sweet singers?

The Trust Colossus

IF anybody is still in doubt about the growth and power of trusts in this country, let him study the report of the Census Bureau for the census year 1900. He will there find it stated in plain figures that, at the time of the taking of the census, 183 combinations controlled 2,203 plants and had a capitalization of \$3,300,000,000. In the last two years, there have been fifteen more consolidations in the iron trade alone, which brought in 181 more plants and \$341,000,000 additional capital. If various other combines are included, the total capital of trusts mounts up to more than \$4,000,000,000. This is about two-fifths of the entire industrial capital of the United States. And it must not be forgotten that only about half of this represents actual, tangible assets. The census figures are calculated to give us a proper conception of what might happen if anything were to occur to check current trade-activity.

THE St. Louis House of Delegates refused to pass a general street railway bill, the effect of which, according to street railway owners, would be to bankrupt the transportation system. If the claim of the railroad men be correct, then the House of Delegates did right, for the service given to the public by a bankrupt concern would be worse than the worst that demagoguery now alleges against the Transit Company. The mere fact that an ordinance is designed to make trouble for the Transit Company is not sufficient reason for its passage. The mere fact that certain newspapers denounce the House of Delegates is not conclusive evidence that the House of Delegates is wrong. The Transit Company should be regulated, but regulation that would cripple the corporation would work an injury, not only to the local investors in Transit securities, but to the employees now drawing pay from that concern. This isn't popular talk in this city, just now, but it's true and it's fair.

The Woman Voter

AUSTRALIAN newspapers tell us that the number of men on the electoral rolls of South Australia has shrunk from 85,640 to 76,767, while that of women-voters has increased, during the same period, from 68,375 to 71,562. In the three chief metropolitan districts, the number of men-voters has declined from 36,587 to 30,484, while that of women-voters has increased. Similar results are reported from New Zealand. These figures may be striking, but they do not prove anything beyond the fact that women-voters are true to human nature—they are fond of new things, and like to play with them. It was but natural that they should be enthusiastic about the right of suffrage

and the exercise of it, which had been withheld from them so long. After their ardor has cooled off, they will probably be less eager to vote than men are. It is reported from Colorado that advocates of woman suffrage are greatly disappointed and already complaining of a growing lukewarmness among women on the question of voting. The exercise of the right of suffrage by our mothers, wives, sisters or sweethearts will not change things to any perceptible extent. They will probably vote as we do, except when they are taken with some man who is a model of the virtues domestic and touched with the picturesque, like Mr. Bryan. The average woman cannot maintain a concentrated interest in politics. She is not built that way. Her mental and moral faculties are exercised in different directions. Besides, she knows that she will be taken care of anyway. She has already been granted many legal privileges, and she will be the recipient of others as time goes on. Man will never overlook woman. Both move up together. They go hand in hand, encouraging and assisting each other. But, after all, the best way to settle the woman suffrage question, is to give women the suffrage and then wait to see whether they really want it and what they will do with it. All argument against woman suffrage is vain, so long as we permit so many men who are the inferiors of the average woman to vote on matters they do not understand.

MR. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN "prefers being a private citizen," but he can't get away from his mania for the public appearance.

The 'Frisco Road

ONE of the most valuable assets of St. Louis and the whole Southwest is the St. Louis & San Francisco Railway Company. Since its re-organization, it has made stupendous strides forward. It enjoys the confidence of holders of its securities and of the public. The physical and financial condition of the company is splendid, and vigorous efforts are being made to improve it still more. The management is progressive, wide-awake and virile. It is dominated by a young element of local men like James Campbell and Mr. H. Clay Pearce who are imbued with the spirit of the times, and keep things moving. There is no narrow-mindedness, no short-sighted mossbackism about it. It has now attained to a through line from Chicago to the City of Mexico. The "Frisco," as St. Louisans affectionately call it, represents new St. Louis and the new Southwest. It is opening up new territory, blasting new paths for St. Louis business enterprise, and doing its utmost to advertise and benefit the city with which it is so closely identified. Under the efficient management of President Yoakum, the "Frisco" has greatly extended its territory. Now that it has penetrated even into Old Mexico, it is very likely that the road will, sooner or later, operate its own line to the Pacific Coast. The company has done wonders for the settlement and development of Missouri, Arkansas, Oklahoma and the Indian Territory. The development of Southwestern lead, zinc and coal properties has been one of the chief aims of the "Frisco" management. And all this has been done and accomplished without much trumpet-blowing. The "Frisco" executives and board of directors have never cared to pose and to be admired as public benefactors. They have never claimed credit for their splendid work and its results. They have never rushed to the front and yelled into our ears that, through their own, exclusive efforts, something new has been done for St. Louis. They attend to their business, and leave the public to witness and judge results. And for all this they are entitled to the gratitude of the people of St. Louis and the Southwest. May the "Frisco" and its management continue to flourish, and, if this be possible, strengthen its hold upon the grateful affections of the public. The "Frisco" is, undoubtedly, the most important and far reaching enterprise that is identified with the interests of St. Louis and the Southwest, and we are all very proud of it. It is being managed by men who are going to the very

front in the railroad world and ranking with the most distinguished contemporary financiers and administrators. We are proud of them, even though they be successful in keeping in the background.

"ARE you a Red Eagle of the Third Class?" has supplanted the old query, "Are you a Buffalo?"

A Convict's Invention

YOU can't keep a good man down, not even if he is in jail. This was signally proved, the other day, by the pardon of one Charles Filer, who had been sent to the New Jersey State Prison for ten years for robbery. Since his incarceration, in 1896, Filer has invented a machine by means of which silk, or fabrics of any kind, can be stitched without the stitching showing through on the face of the goods. The machine has been in successful operation in the tailoring shops of the prison for several months, and Filer obtained a patent on it a few weeks ago. A company with an authorized capital of \$1,000,000 was given a charter by the State to manufacture the machine. The company is composed of several wealthy men. They gave Filer \$50,000 in cash, a large block of corporation stock, and put up a bond to the court of pardons to insure against his falling by the wayside again. Evidently the best thing that ever happened to Filer was his being sentenced to a long term in the penitentiary. He laid the foundation for his fortune at the time he committed the robbery. His years of confinement gave him sufficient opportunity and leisure to employ his mind in a way that has proved useful to himself and human society. There is, however, another, and still more interesting side to this matter, and that is the bearing it has upon the problem of convict labor. Labor organizations are always howling and protesting against convict labor. According to their idea, convicts should not be employed at the manufacture of anything that may be brought into competition with free-labor products. They would give the convict no chance to relieve the dreariness of his confinement by useful, mental or physical labor. Perhaps they are disposed to condemn the New Jersey authorities for allowing Filer to invent his stitching machine and to take out a patent on it. Could there be anything more callous-hearted and more inhuman than the stand taken by union labor on the convict-labor problem? They are opposed to anything that might tend to bring the convict to a realization of the fact that he has not become lost to human society and sympathy, and that his fellowmen are still willing to give him an opportunity to redeem himself and wipe out his past. The convict is not a slave, deprived of everything that goes to the making up of individual rights. How can there be reform of convicts without useful employment? If Filer had been prohibited from using his faculties, he could not have made the invention that promises to be so useful in the industrial establishments of the country; he could not have earned such a substantial compensation for the right and honest use of his talents. Neither could it have been made clear to him, in such a forcible manner, that he still has the right stuff in him to become an honored member of human society. Honest labor is the enemy of crime, and yet union labor agitators insist upon the enforced idleness of convicts. There could hardly be a more inconsistent and more vicious economic dogma. Perhaps socialistic organizations are prepared to condemn the State of New Jersey for not depriving him of the enjoyment of the fruits of his industry and ingenuity upon payment of a nominal compensation. The socialist thinks there should be no patents; that the State should be entitled to the fruits of the mental and physical labor of all its citizens. He has the hallucination that people would go on inventing after the organization of a socialistic state, and be so unselfish and altruistic as to work for their health, or, rather, for the cause of the whole commonwealth. He would not for a moment consider the probability that without a guarantee of the enjoyment of the fullest fruits of labor, nobody would care to work or to invent. The average man likes the independ-

ent use of his faculties; he likes to take chances with them; he likes to work on a problem the solution of which might bring him great wealth and fame. Take away this spur of private gain and of ultimate fame, and human society would rapidly fall into barbarism. If the State bought every new invention it would buy many gold bricks. It could not pay for all inventions what a man might make out of one great invention. The inventors whose inventions the State would not buy would be anarchists. Government ownership of inventions would be simply a source of endless trouble and its benefit to the many almost entirely offset by its evils. Turkey seems to be a fair type of a socialistic state, where the citizen is entitled to nothing and the government to everything, where private ambition and private love of gain are suppressed with a tyrannical hand, and the government's power of taxation and appropriation of private wealth is unlimited. There is, indeed, a strong tinge of despotism to the socialistic ideal of government. The individual is nothing, says the socialist; the individual is there for the State, and not the State for the individual. If the individual has invented anything, let the State take the fruit of his labor away from him; let him be satisfied with a small sum for his exertion of years, and take pride in the thought that he has done something for human society. Does the socialist really believe that such an ideal alone is sufficient to produce an Edison or a Marconi? Abolish patents and the value of patents and invention will stop. Set a price that the State will pay an inventor and the inducement to invent will fail. It's the big chance of the game of inventing that leads on and sustains the inventor.

JOHN W. GATES manifests in his unique financiering a genius that might have been developed in keeping a "fence."

Divorce For Insanity

A CORRESPONDENT of the MIRROR inquires whether post-nuptial insanity in either wife or husband may not be regarded as sufficient ground for divorce. The English ecclesiastical courts, which, formerly, had exclusive jurisdiction in cases of marriage and divorce, recognized, among grounds for divorce, ante-nuptial insanity, idiocy or general mental incompetency, but they never considered husband or wife entitled to divorce in cases where the other party to the union was proved to have been of sound, normal capacity of mind at the time of entering into marital relations. The same rule may be said to be well recognized in the United States. The laws of Missouri do not declare post-nuptial insanity sufficient ground for divorce. The reason of this is, perhaps, that the granting of divorces in cases where it is alleged and proved that husband or wife became insane after marriage might lead to gross injustice and indecent abuses. The insane person cannot, as a rule, be held responsible for his condition; there can be no allegation that he or she committed fraud on the other party. There is some doubt whether it can be asserted authoritatively in any particular case that the patient is incurably insane. Legislation providing for divorce in cases of post-nuptial insanity or general mental incompetency, would have to be closely safeguarded and interpreted with the most rigorous care for individual rights. There may have been instances where insanity after marriage has been considered good ground for divorce, as in the Flagler case, in Florida, but the rights of the insane party are invariably well taken care of and entrusted to special officers of the court. And the general drift of public opinion was against that divorce, though largely upon account of the popular belief that the Standard Oil millionaire had bought the Florida legislation to pass the law under which the decree was granted. Looking at the matter from the broad standpoint of cold law, one cannot but arrive at the conclusion that there should be no provision for divorce in cases where the insane or mentally deficient party is in no wise responsible for his or her condition, and where other grounds for legal separation are lacking. This may work hardship in some instances, but innocent suffer-

ers may console themselves with the thought that human law does not provide for, or cover, everything. The law is not perfect, never has been and never will be. Perfect, full justice is never rendered. There are some things in this world which are not amenable to legal consideration and decision. In the case of post-nuptial insanity, who is the greatest sufferer, who is the most to be pitied? Is it the party in full possession of mental and physical health, or is it the patient confined within the walls of a padded cell in the insane asylum? The law is generally right on these questions, being made to cover the general question rather than particular cases. The divorce because of insanity is not one often heard of. Queerly enough, the sane member of the union in which insanity develops is usually a marvel of patient fidelity and care. If divorce is granted for insanity of one party, the plea is usually that of a wife who is unsupported because of the husband's condition, and non-support is a ground for divorce. The man with an insane wife is usually the last man in the world to think of divorcing himself from his stricken partner. Even in the notorious Flagler case the law only gave the millionaire his release, after exacting from him the most liberal provision for the maintenance and support of his wife who had been insane for twenty years.

AN INLAND SEAPORT.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

IN describing Houston as the chief port of Texas, I am probably anticipating events by a half decade of years and challenging the criticism and, perhaps, the hostility of those who, proud of, or interested in, Galveston, cannot, or will not see the assured and inevitable ascent of Houston as the railroad terminal and tidewater metropolis of the Gulf of Mexico. The City of Houston is popularly supposed to be an inland place. The maps show that it is sixty miles from the ocean, and that Galveston is washed by the surf and surrounded by the deep water of one of the finest land-locked bays in the world. But this bay, in wide expanse and navigable ramifications, extends inland almost to the limits of Houston, so that within five miles of the heart of the "magnolia city," the Buffalo Bayou, widening to meet the bay, is roomy enough to pivot the largest sea-going ship that visits the Bay of Galveston.

In estimating the prospects of Galveston as a city and a port, it is impossible to ignore the cause and consequences of the monstrous disaster of September, 1900, when nearly ten thousand human lives and over thirty million dollars' worth of property were destroyed within a few hours. The people of Galveston will not talk about that black day. They say, "forget it," and point with almost pathetic pride to their rehabilitated city. And it is rehabilitated. In the business and residence sections of the city, few evidences of that cataclysm remain. The outside world at large is entitled to but little credit for the monumentally heroic achievements of Galveston during the two years since that tidal wave. Indeed, this seems a good place to call attention to the fact that, with a few exceptions, the nations, the cities and the organized communities of the world were niggardly in responding to the hesitating cry of Galveston for help. The Johnstown flood, comparatively insignificant in the number of deaths and the extent of real damages, elicited gifts of money and aid ten times greater than that accorded to Galveston, which suffered tenfold the losses of the Eastern town. England alone of the foreign nations, was generous, sending one-third of the total of 3,000,000. St. Louis, Chicago and New York, of all the American communities, city or State, gave in proportion to their means and to the magnitude of the case. The whole State of New Hampshire, after strenuous canvassing and much effort on the part of the zealous humanitarian in charge of the work, yielded one dollar, (\$1.00,) which was remitted in a lump, sum out of the pocket of the collector himself. And yet Galveston has made no complaint. She has been grateful for every cent and every stitch of help from abroad.

"Forget it," has been the watchword of the 50,000 peo-

ple who yet call Galveston "home." The courage with which they have attacked the tasks of rebuilding their city, of beautifying it still further, of increasing business, of attracting outside capital and immigration, seem, in the face of the facts, magnificently audacious. It is so thoroughly American, so gallant, so determined, so doggedly "game," that it cannot fail to command the admiration of everyone who beholds it at first hand. If conditions were such that no other point in that region of the Gulf of Mexico could answer the requirements, I believe the indomitable spirit of Galveston, combined with the necessities for tide-water docks and railroad terminals on this coast, would make of the city a metropolis of half a million people. It was necessity that founded Galveston. Necessity is responsible for its past growth and importance, and, to my mind, when it ceases to be necessary to the commercial and shipping development of the tributary world, its growth will cease and it will remain as it is now in spite of the most titanic efforts of its loyal sons.

I stood on the great beach of Galveston, the other day, watching the mile-long surges rolling towards me from across the wind-lashed wastes of a thousand miles of a tropic sea. It was a dazzling day, with not a cloud in the sky and not a moment's surcease of the pungent whistling breeze from the Gulf. I tried to forget the deeply etched memories of that apocalyptic night two years ago. I said, "It is a gentle summer sea." But it answered, thundering along the dun, shining shore with deafening reverberations and an impact that drowned the voice and shook the smooth margin of the earth. The island upon which this turbulent sea is forever lashing, is, geologically, scarcely better than a vast sandbar upreared in the wide spread of water at the mouth of the Brazos river. It is long and narrow and with no considerable altitudes or rock formations to confront and defy the sweep of an onrushing tidal wave. The average elevation of the island above the sea-level is less than five feet. These are facts which the visitor, the prospective home-maker and the reader will not forget, and they will prevent Galveston from attaining the metropolitan size and importance which the past history and the recent indefatigable courage of her people would seem to promise.

Houston, on the contrary, is beyond the menacing reach of the sea and yet even now accessible to sea-going vessels of light draught. The Chicago drainage canal seems an incredible achievement by comparison with the easy waterway possibilities of Houston. One-fourth of the cost of the Illinois engineering marvel would make Houston a Gulf port, and the Houstonians not only know it, but are already fully committed, financially, commercially and sentimentally to the enterprise. The work of establishing a channel from the head of the Galveston jetties to the termini of Houston's fifteen railroads is well under way, and I believe the culmination of this gigantic project would have come if Galveston had never been swept by a tidal wave. But that disaster has given momentum, interest and imminence to the plan.

There are 80,000 people in Houston and the population is growing faster than any other city in Texas. It is more modern, more alert, better paved, cleaner and busier than any of the Texas towns, except Dallas and Fort Worth. It is located on high, rolling ground, well-drained, picturesque, verdant, wooded hills that appeal to the instincts for safety, health, cleanliness and comeliness. It has seventy-five miles of well-paved streets and is at work on twenty-five more. Estimated by the prospective increase of this year's Texas cotton crop, Houston will handle nearly half a million bales. It is the headquarters for the lumber trade of the 40,000,000 acres of timber land of Louisiana and Eastern Texas, and in the volume of its combined trade it is already first of the half-dozen rival cities of the Lone Star State.

I have written thus confidently about the future of the Inland Port with no desire to depreciate the merits of Galveston or to exaggerate the singular excellences of Houston. The projects outlined here will be history within a few years and the now anomalous undertaking of establishing a seaport fifty-five miles from tide-water will have become

a fact most typical of the concrete progress of American commercial and civic life. The spirit with which Houston has addressed itself to the big destiny before it is no better than the indestructible courage which makes the men of Galveston rebuild their city and give back defiance to the sea, but Houston will realize the full measure of her hopes, because her advantages over Galveston are enhanced by nature and accentuated by the experiences of the island city. Money can build canals and harbors and deep waterways, but it cannot tame the fury of the West Indian hurricane nor wall a sand-bar against the mountainous floods of a tempest-driven sea.

THE MACHINES.

BY ERNEST CROSBY.

B-R-R-R-R-R-R! What are the machines saying, a hundred of them in one long room? They must be talking to themselves, for I see no one for them to talk to. But yes, there is one boy's red head of hair bending over one of them, and beyond I see a pale face fringed by brown curly locks. There are only five boys in all on this floor, half hidden by the clattering machines—for one bright boy can manage twenty-five of them. Each machine makes one cheap, stout sock in five minutes, without seam, complete from toe to ankle, cutting the thread at the end and beginning another of its own accord. The boys have nothing to do but to clean and oil the steel rods and replace the spools of yarn; But how rapidly and nervously they do it, the slower hands straining to do as much as the fastest:— Working at high tension for ten hours a day in the close, greasy air and endless whirr— Boys who ought to be out playing ball in the fields or taking a swim in the river this fine summer afternoon! And in these "good times" the machines go all night and other shifts of boys are kept from their beds to watch them. The young girls in the mending and finishing room downstairs are not so strong as the boys. They have an unaccountable way of fainting away and collapsing in the noise and smell, and they are of no use for the rest of the day. The kind stockholders have had to provide a room for collapsed girls and employ a doctor, who finds it expedient not to understand this strange new disease. Perhaps their children will be more stalwart in the next generation! Yet this factory is one of the triumphs of our civilization. With only twenty boys at a time at the machines in all the rooms it produces five thousand dozen pairs of socks in twenty-four hours for the toilers of the land: It would take an army of fifty thousand hand-knitters to do what these small boys accomplish.

B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! What are the machines saying? They are saying, "We are hungry. We have eaten up the men and women— (There is no longer a market for men and women, for they come too high)— We have eaten up the men and women and now we are devouring the boys and girls. How good they taste as we suck the blood from their rounded cheeks and forms, and cast them aside, sallow and thin and careworn, and then call for more! B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r, how good they taste, but they give us so few boys and girls to eat nowadays, although there are so many begging to come in, outside: Only one boy to twenty of us and we are nearly famished! We eat those they give us, and those outside will starve,

and soon we shall be left almost alone in the world with the stockholders, and one boy will feed a thousand machines.

"B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r, what shall we do then for food, When we are piling up millions of socks a day for the toilers and there are no toilers left to buy them and wear them?

Then perhaps we shall have to turn upon the kind stockholders and feast on them—(how fat and toothsome and tender they will be!)—until at last we are left clattering and chattering alone in the land!" growled the machines,

While the boys went on anxiously, hurriedly rubbing and polishing and the girls went on collapsing.

"B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r," growled the machines.

From the Whim.

THE ROCK ISLAND'S SPLURGE.

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE.

IT can hardly be said that the Moore-Leeds-Gates people, controlling the great Rock Island system of railroads, are not up-to-date. Since they assumed control, they have been stirring up things in a very lively fashion. They have issued new stock, granted rights to shareholders, absorbed other properties, built extensions, acquired valuable terminals in different large cities, especially in St. Louis, and done sundry other things which, to use a somewhat threadbare phrase, are too numerous to mention. The total system comprises about 8,000 miles at the present time, and it bids fair to be still larger before a great while. Rumors are current that close arrangements will be made with the Atchison, Southern, Southern Pacific and other railroad companies; that a line of steamships running from Gulf ports to New York will be purchased, and that there is a probability that the Kansas City & Southern will eventually be gobbled up, because it is the best and straightest line to the Gulf.

There are likewise intimations that the Rock Island management is buying control of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company. It is to be presumed that the Moore and Gates clique is trying to unload its holdings of shares in the Colorado corporation upon patient Rock Island shareholders at prodigious prices. They have acquired a reputation for dumping their stuff at big profit to themselves. And they are also said to be after the Central Coal & Coke Company, which recently absorbed the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Coal Company. The stock of the Central has been very firm and active in the last few weeks, and it is openly asserted that Gates and other Rock Island representatives have been large buyers of it. The Colorado Fuel & Iron and the Central Coal & Coke are the largest companies of their kind West of the Mississippi River. Plans are now on foot to organize a new and independent coal company, to develop coal properties in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas and the Indian Territory, with a capital of \$7,000,000, but it goes without saying that the independence of the new concern will not be of long duration. The Rock Island crowd will, sooner or later, take care of it, and then come into exclusive control of the entire coal output of the Southwest and of a large portion of the West.

Now, there can be no reasonable objection to anything that is calculated to advance the interests of this section of the country. Capital and enterprise should be encouraged, under any and all circumstances, as long as they do not launch into schemes of inflation, and resort to hoisting-by-your-bootstraps methods. And here is where the rub comes in. The Rock Island people, according to late dispatches, have filed articles of incorporation of a new Rock Island Railroad Company which is to "acquire, purchase and hold subscriptions, stocks, bonds, securities, shares and other evidences of corporations generally, and to merge corporations into one another." In other words, we are going to be blessed with a new corporation, of the Northern Securities type, which will own and control the

old property, issue about \$75,000,000 of new four per cent bonds, and a large amount of new preferred and new common stock. The total amount of new stock is to be \$150,000,000; the preferred to be entitled to four per cent for the first seven years, five per cent for seven years thereafter, and then to six per cent.

By the new proposition, the bonded indebtedness will be increased to about \$200,000,000, and the capital stock to \$150,000,000. The present stock outstanding is \$75,000,000, upon which five per cent is being paid per annum. It is plain, therefore, that the entire plan is one of the wildest inflation and stock watering. The inflation may be said to amount to about 110 per cent. The capital stock of a railroad company, which, a few years ago, hardly exceeded \$50,000,000, is to be raised to \$150,000,000, while the bonded indebtedness will be swelled at a corresponding ratio. The enlargement of capitalization cannot be asserted to be only commensurate with the increase in mileage. Even taking increased mileage and new leases into consideration, there still remains an inflation of the percentage above stated.

About a year ago, the Morgan-Hill syndicate absorbed the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy upon similar, but less reprehensible, terms. They never would have had the courage to perform such unprecedented juggling acts, such Kellaresque feats in finance, as those with which the Moore-Gates-Leeds crowds are now staggering us.

The old Rock Island Company has always enjoyed the reputation of being very conservative, well-managed and in sound physical and financial condition. Its securities always commanded good prices and always had a ready market. Its stock, about four years ago, when it returned only 2 per cent per annum to holders, sold in the 90s, without requiring manipulative support. The Cable management had made it a principle to accumulate a big surplus in the company's treasury. The surplus, at one time, ran up to about \$10,000,000.

But things are different now. The new party in power is going ahead with a devil-may-care disregard of legitimate financiering. They are buying up properties which they think are needed, or which they are interested in, at any old price. *Vide* the Wiggins Ferry and Colorado Railroad deals. But who cares? Who will interfere? Who will condemn this *nouveau regime*? Conservatism? To the devil with conservatism! If you have two streaks of rust for sale, no matter where, offer them to the Rock Island people. You can name your own price, and they will pay it.

GRAIN-GAMBLING INJUNCTIONS.

BY PERRY DUNSTON.

THE Chicago Board of Trade seems to have become a den of millionaire highwaymen and marauders. Ordinary traders and commission men have been scared out of it. To play either the bull or bear side in grains is no longer a harmless gamble. You may, for instance, buy 5,000 bushels of wheat, with the expectation of making a profit of five cents a bushel, and before you know it the stuff is down to 20 cents a bushel, and your margin has vanished like snow under a July sun. Or you may feel very gay and bold, saunter into the uproarious pit, view the interesting game for a little while, and then, nonchalantly, yell at some perspiring, but eagle-eyed broker of quick perception that you have 5,000 bushels of corn for sale at 60. A demoniacal smile flits over the drawn visage of the broker. He jerks out his memorandum book, and the sale and purchase are recorded in regular fashion, and you stalk off with a majestic stride, certain that you have done the wise thing, and calculating prospective profits on your little "deal." You go to a near-by café, take a few drinks, smoke a few choice cigars, listen to traders' gossip, glance over the newspapers, and then decide to take a stroll over to the "room," to find out how things are going. When you walk up the steps, you are surprised at the pandemonium reigning everywhere.

Wild-eyed brokers and messengers are running up and down, to and fro, glancing at their memorandum books and messages, staring at you in a vacant, idiotic way, and mopping their brows with handkerchiefs that have become wet rags. At the sight and sound of all this, you begin to feel slightly uneasy; you accelerate your steps, until you fairly fall into the surging, wild, yelling crowd in and around the corn pit. You prick up your ears. What's that? Seventy cents for corn, and everybody crazy to buy, and, apparently, nobody willing to sell! Great Scott! What has happened? You feel as if your heart was about to stop beating, as if somebody had knocked you over the head with a club. Yet there can be no mistake, for there is a poor, blanched, ill-starred little fellow, buying 10,000 bushels at 71 $\frac{1}{4}$. You turn around, and, in a husky whisper, ask somebody for the cause of all the hubbub and the big jump in prices.

"Gates is cornering the stuff," is the prompt reply.

You do not ask for any further explanation. The five words have made you understand all, and made you recognize the necessity of acting at once. So you, too, rush in, take a few puny, exhausted fellows by the coat-collar, throw them aside, and get close to the burly, broad-shouldered man with the fog-horn voice who is offering corn at 73, 73 $\frac{1}{2}$, 74, 74 $\frac{1}{2}$, and, at last, you succeed in catching his fierce, roving eye. He looks at the movements of your lips, nods with his head, smiles, and jots down a few scrawls in his little book. You bought your 5,000 bushels of corn at 76, and are glad to be out of the lion's den. And you stagger out of the howling, fighting mob of brokers, across the "room" and down stairs. You go to the harberdasher's, get yourself a new collar and cravat and take a street-car, to go you know not where. You feel miserable, sick and tired. You realize that you have been "soaked."

Oh, this fellow Gates! What mischief has he not done in the last year or so. He is going about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. If he is not in stocks, he is in grain. He needs must be in something, or in everything. He generally is well-informed, and knows exactly who is short or long. When his lieutenants inform him that there is a short interest of 10,000,000 bushels of corn, he sends out instructions to his brokers to buy up all the corn they can get. And they buy from everybody; they order shipments from the country elevators, and when they have secured a big quantity and themselves fairly safe, they go to work and begin the bidding-up process, until bears become uneasy and wonder what is "up." Then the mad turmoil and excitement begin. One bear after the other is being squeezed until he has nothing left. The big fellows are reserved to the last. They are the *piece de resistance*. They are, as a rule, compelled to settle at the top, and to relieve the manipulating bulls of their big holdings.

Things on the Chicago Board of Trade have come to such a pass that courts are being asked to restrain manipulators, and to lighten the burden of weary bears. Judge Chytraus has been persuaded to issue a writ restraining any further prosecution of the corner in July oats. Such legal interference is undoubtedly an interesting development; it is another sign of the times. Courts of equity will soon be a haven of refuge for desperate, sorely-tried bears. They will soon be rushing up to the judge, whenever hard-pressed, and exclaim: "Your Honor, I am short 5,000 bushels of corn; they are putting the stuff up on me; they want to ruin me; my margin is running out, and I ask you to come to my assistance." And the obliging judge will issue his writ, and the corner is broken up. There's government by injunction for you!

Legal process appears to be the only hope left for people who have become the victims of manipulators. Court injunctions may hardly be the proper means of redress, but when there is a choice of two evils, the community will prefer to take the lesser. If exchanges cannot help themselves, if they will permit of such bandit methods, they will have to stand the consequences. Gates and his gang of

bull manipulators deserve the greatest opprobrium and contempt. They have made it well nigh impossible for flour mills and elevator people to protect themselves in their business with sales for short account. Such sales have become absolutely necessary, as means of protection against price fluctuations in grain markets. The Chicago Board of Trade should bestir itself and resort to prompt and energetic action against all who make it a point to injure legitimate trading and business enterprise. Grain gambling has become entirely too much of a gamble with the advantage all on the side of the unscrupulous player who has the most money at command.

HIS FIRST SUICIDE.

THE General ceased sobbing. His mother was about to retire, and it was no longer necessary for his sorrow to be heard. From sobs he passed to whimpers and from whimpers to gasps.

He wiped his nose and sat down to think. It was very uncomfortable trying to sit down after the unjust punishment, and it made his sense of injury all the keener.

Now, it was as clear, as the clearest day in June, that he could not possibly have been to blame. When his brother, the Doctor, had bored a hole in the brim of his grandfather's hat, and had passed a string through it and had fastened it to the up-curved tail of the Little Lady's pug, the General was discussing with Peter, the gardener, the guiltless subject of plums. And if the silly dog had run past them into the lawn where visitors had become horror-stricken at the sight, how could he be held responsible? Only a mother could trace the connection between plums and pug dogs. But she had said, after her shocked friends left: "Yes, I know Willie is to blame, and you could have stopped him or told me about it. And, anyway, I don't want you to bother Peter; and, besides, I owed you one for breaking Uncle Jim's watch and putting it in Eileen's doll cradle, as if she had broken it."

The raking up of ancient history was unworthy. So he told her darkly. "You'll be sorry!" It was all he could say. A man can't threaten his mother. He merely may hint at horribilities.

She retorted: "I am sorry. I'm very sorry, indeed, that I had to punish you. I feel it even more than you because it hurts me here—in the heart."

"You don't feel it in your heart when you sit down," he expostulated. "And when you lick me you always—"

"Go and take a bath," she said hastily; "you look like a tramp," for on the face of a fair boy of ten, tears and dust combining make a melancholy mud.

The General, muttering to himself, went into the house. He brooded over his wrongs and rubbed himself tenderly. As the tub filled, he thought and thought. One must respect and obey one's mother; her word was law and the policeman who enforced it was called papa. But mamma ought to be sorry, he thought, not merely say she's sorry, but actually be sorry; the sorrier the better.

The tub was full. He stopped the inflow of water and sat on the edge carefully, gingerly, mindful of the geography of his aches.

Then, as he looked into the limpid water, he knew the only thing that would make his mother feel sorry—Death!

It was very simple. He would jump into the tub, submerge his head, and not rise again. He would surely drown.

Death was a mysterious thing; but drowning was easy and familiar. He remembered once in the company of his brother Willie, otherwise known as the Doctor, having seen a drowned mouse. It looked bedraggled, limp, wretched; also greatly swollen. Across his throbbing mind there flitted a vision of himself "drowned to death!" he called it; and swollen. He would, in fact, be a very nice sight—it almost disgusted him for, when he closed his eyes, he seemed to see himself stark, bloated, with dark hair, grinning ghastly and showing his teeth like all corpses. Shuddering, he moved away from the murderous water.

But, he reflected, the worse he looked the unhappier it would make his mother. Whereupon he again sat on the edge of the tub which became, to all intents and purposes, the brink of a fascinating precipice.

Then, before his soul's sight, there was enacted the entire tragedy of his first suicide.

First, he would jump into the Tubific Ocean, sink like lead, and never rise again. In addition, to make doubly sure, he would hold his breath until the end. He would then die.

His mother would wait and wait. The sun would creep along the sky and begin to slide down towards the earth behind the hill; and still nobody saw the General. His haunts knew him not; the Doctor missed him; so did Peter; Eileen asked for him. At length, his mother would become alarmed and send people to search for him. They would look everywhere without avail, until one of the servants poked her head into the bath room and shrieked as she beheld the dead body of the General afloat on the calm surface of the tub—drowned, mouse-like, bedraggled, wretched; a sight to melt the hardest flint of a heart.

Oblivious of the humidity, the servant would take the poor little corpse in her arms and rush to her mistress.

"Here's Master Jimmy, drowned dead!" he heard the servant exclaim in accusing voice. Gently she placed the body on the floor, and began to sob. She had loved him, and now, dead, she pitied him. He, too, loved the servant.

He wasn't quite sure which servant it was, but he loved her.

With a great shriek, full of anguish, but especially full of remorse, the distracted mother would drop beside him and fall to bewailing loudly. It was so heartrending that the General felt sorry he could not be there alive, and at the same time dead, in order to enjoy his triumph and to increase her agony by reminding her of his niceness and of her injustice.

His mother lamented in a voice torn to tatters with agony. He heard her say, "Oh, my son, my son! Is it possible that you are dead—so cold and wet and drowned? Oh, Jimmy, I know I made him drown himself, because I punished him to-day because he was out in the garden doing nothing but talking to Peter. Oh, I wish I had whipped myself first! He was such a good boy and used to love me so much until I was so mean to him. He told me I'd be sorry; and oh, I am so sorry! I would do anything to make him alive. I would never, never punish him; he could do anything he pleased. To think of my poor, little boy, only ten years old, going on eleven, drowning himself because I was so bad to him! Oh, Jimmy, come back to mother and be alive. My darling son, who was so good; and I was so mean, Jimmy, I'll do anything you say, I'll give you anything if you'll only be alive again. But no, it is too late! He is dead. He is going to be buried away in the earth forever, just as he and Willie buried the dead canary that time—only this isn't playing. I'll never see him again, and he'll never see Willie again, nor play, nor eat nice things, nor anything, ever again! Poor Jimmy! Poor, poor Jimmy!"

The General was gulping painfully, and a big tear started down his moved cheek—he felt so sorry for himself. He was not the first who had wept over his own funeral. His lump of bitterness, saturated with his tears, grew soft and yielding. He began to think he might forgive his mother. Perhaps she—

He changed his position unwarily and sat on one of his tenderest spots. Unjust bruise! He would be relentless. She'd suffer; she'd be sorry—so sorry!

With a great gasp, that was followed by the sudden stopping of his heart, he jumped into the dread ocean. He sank, he touched the enameled bottom. To insure his speedy demise he placed the palm of his left hand over his mouth, gag-like, while he held his nostrils tightly closed between thumb and fore-finger. He would stay under water until death came—death that was to end his troubles and that was to make one unjust person so sorry.

Time passed and he held his head under water. An

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hour went by; then a couple of years. Still he was submerged. At the end of the eighth century his head began to explode by degrees—he could hear his skull cracking with the sound of a dog chewing bones. His ears began to pain him. Somebody was pricking his limbs with brushes that had knitting needles instead of bristles.

He must breathe or die!

He jumped to his feet splashing; took a deep breath; then another; and a third. Then he thought of what he had vowed to do.

He must not breathe, but die.

Down again to the bottom of the tub, holding his breath grimly; determined to vanquish his stupid desire to breathe. He closed his eyes tightly, so that he should not see Death coming. He was pluckier; he staid two hundred centuries. One after another he repulsed the suggestion of his lungs, his ears, of his head to rise to the surface and take a breath—just one little breath, the last. There could be no harm in taking one breath before he died, argued his aching chest. One breath wouldn't save him; he felt as if a thousand breaths would not suffice to fill his lungs. But he fought back the suggestions, did the plucky General, who was giving up his life that his mother might be good in the future to Willie and Eileen, as she undoubtedly would be, having his awful warning ever before her. He was sorry he had not told them of his great self-sacrifice. They might not appreciate it unless they knew what it meant to him.

He felt that he was fainting, in another minute he would be beyond earthly recall. But he welcomed Death. Wouldn't his mother feel—

He jumped to his feet and breathed deeply and quickly. He took a dozen inhalations before he thought again of his vow. Not he, but it, had been drowned, chilled by the water. He became magnanimous; he forgave his mother; he would live; for, after all, his very existence would be a standing reproach to her. He finished his bath, quickly but without bitterness. He felt exhilarated, happy, like one who had done a good deed. He would not die in the bright flower of his youth; he would not see himself stark, swollen, pallid. He and the Doctor would have many a lark together. There were innumerable good times in store for him, in despite of his mother!

He dressed himself hastily and was on his way to tell the Doctor all about it when he met his mother.

"Why, child, you haven't half dried yourself. Come here." And, holding him securely with one hand, she

began to mop his face in the indiscriminating and reckless way mothers have.

"You come mighty near being awful sorry," he said mysteriously, while she explored his ear with the towel.

"What do you mean, Jimmy?" she asked, astonished.

"Ouch! Yes'm; something came near happening to-day, and you'd cried ever so much!"

He closed his eyes ecstatically, like an octogenarian telling of a youthful and long dead sweetheart. Then it struck him that the deed would have been very wicked. Slightly remorsefully, he opened his heart to her, and said: "You know, when you punished me and I wasn't doing anything wrong, I felt so bad that I made up my mind to drown myself—"

"Jimmy!"

"Yes'm; and so I filled up the bathtub and threw myself in. And I thought if I was drowned dead you'd be so sorry you'd whipped me when I didn't deserve it, that you'd never whip Willie or Eileen and, of course—with irrepressible triumph—"you couldn't whip me because I'd be dead and buried."

She was very pale.

"Yes'm; and then I thought how sorry you'd be to see me all wet and stiff and all swelled up with the water I'd swallowed while I was getting drowned, like a mouse Willie and I saw once—say, mamma, I'd look so awful on the floor of the nursery drowned and dead and there'd be a great big wet spot where they laid me down, that of course you'd feel terrible and you—you'd begin to cry and blame yourself—"

Her breath caught sharply.

"Yes'm; and so I thought I wouldn't make you feel so bad and so, after I was almost drowned I forgave you—and I didn't drown."

She took him in her arms and held him tightly, as if some one were trying to tear him from her by brute force. She was sorry, even if he wasn't drowned, which was delightful to the General. An irrepressible tear fell on his cheek, and he looked up instantly, to find her eyes very wet.

"Don't cry, mamma, don't cry. Say mamms, you can give me a hundred whippings, if you want to," he said anxiously.

"Run away, Jimmie, and play with Willie. And, oh, my darling"—kissing him—"I'll never, never, punish you again, nor Willie!"

He joined the nefarious Doctor in the garden and told

him the great maternal promise. And the Doctor cross-questioned him, and made him tell the whole story from last to first.

"Anyhow," ended Jimmie, exultantly, "I made her say she'd never whip me or you again."

"But why didn't you ask her for a pony and cart? The way she felt she'd given you anything, like the time I had the pneumonia, when I got everything I asked for. And who cares for a licking, anyhow?"

"That's so," sorrowfully. "But say, Willie, I'll go and ask her."

"No," said the experienced Doctor. "It's too late."

THE TOAST.

BY OLLIE J. WHITE.

THE Eminent Lawyer smiled as the deafening applause greeted the announcement of his name. He was to respond to the time honored toast "Woman." For many years he had made it his specialty. He was most eloquent on the subject. He had traced the ladies back to Eve and even had a good word for her. He ran his hand over the top of his head three times, each time smoothing down one of his hairs.

"Woman," he said, and turned the small wine glass round and round; "woman"—he smacked his lips.

The gentlemen settled back in their chairs and prepared for poetry. The Eminent Lawyer's face grew almost saintly as he spoke the opening words in a deep, rich and yet withal a tenderly sincere, tone: "Woman, God bless her." His voice quivered, his eyes grew dim, his whole being seemed rent with the feeling he put into the words. He alluded to "the hand," "the Cradle" and "the World" ideas. He gave them a little dab of mythological woman, and lingered lovingly on Sappho and other warm-blooded personages. Then, breathing deeply, he reiterated "Woman, God bless her," and sat down.

The Eminent Lawyer's wife was propped up in bed with three pillows. The man of pills was feeling her pulse.

"Will I recover, Doctor?" she asked.

The man of pills smiled. "Yes, you'll recover. How did it occur?"

"O, we had a little tiff and he threw a salt cellar at me. Dear old boy!—he was always partial to salt cellars."

OUR WATER SUPPLY.

George Y. Wisner, one of the Mayor's Hydraulic Commissioners, recently read a paper on "Water Supply of Large Cities," before the University of Michigan Engineering Society, in which he says "One of the most important problems which confronts the modern hydraulic engineer is that of furnishing a pure and wholesome supply of water for large cities. In nearly all cases nature limits the sources from which the supply must be drawn, and in some instances there is no alternative except to determine the amount of purification necessary."

From a sanitary point of view it is always better to obtain a water supply from an unpolluted source than to undertake to purify the water of lakes or rivers which have become polluted.

Theoretically the water of polluted lakes and rivers may be made perfectly pure and wholesome by a proper system of filtering, but in actual practice such a method always embodies an element of danger, due to the fact that filters do not always work with the efficiency for which designed, and that carelessness on the part of the operators and the constantly changing conditions of the water to be purified may allow disease germs to pass through the filters. . . .

The city of St. Louis at present secures its water from the Mississippi River. . . . A commission of hydraulic engineers has recently made an investigation and report relative to the best method of furnishing St. Louis with a pure and wholesome supply of water in the future, and has recommended abandoning the present source of supply, and obtaining water from the watershed of the Meramec River. . . . The advisability of the change is very apparent from the fact that the present water rates for the dirty river will be more than sufficient to pay all expense, interest on cost of construction, and sinking fund for the redemption of bonds.

If the present source of supply is continued in the future, filtration will be absolutely necessary, which will require an expensive plant, and the use of an average of 500 pounds of sulphate of alumina per million gallons. . . . "The influence of filter interests is becoming very great, and there are good reasons to believe that in certain instances it has been exerted to such an extent that the installation of filters has been recommended where other methods of supply would have been better and more economical for the consumers."

At Pittsburg, Pa., sand filtration was recommended for the reason that it was estimated that the cost per million gallons for a gravity supply from an unpolluted source would be greater than the cost of filtering a supply pumped from the Allegheny river, yet it is admitted by the engineer who made the recommendation that "it is not certain the Allegheny river water, even with filtration, will be a suitable source of supply for Pittsburg, at the point selected, for a longer period than 40 years." Under such conditions it is quite probable that a supply by gravity flow from a mountain watershed, without a constantly growing danger from sewerage pollution, would in a long period, be much more economical than a filtered supply at a lower first cost, but which must be eventually abandoned.

A water to be satisfactory for domestic purposes must not only be clear, but also free from disease producing germs. It is claimed that a good system of filters will remove 99 per cent of the bacteria in the water treated. It is evident that the number

left in the effluent may be sufficient to start an epidemic among those who drink it.

It is still an open question whether a perfectly pure and wholesome supply can be obtained by filtration of river water at St. Louis at reasonable cost, and since water of much better quality for both domestic and steam purposes can be obtained at less expense to the consumers by gravity flow from the upper watershed of the Meramec river, it is quite probable that the latter project may be adopted.

The science of water purification has by no means established the claim that equally as good results may be obtained in the large plants necessary for the supply of cities as in the small apparatus for experimental purposes.

THE REWARD OF UNSELFISHNESS.

A nice little Woman who was noted for her Self-Sacrificing Nature married a Man of the same old Selfish Breed that We All Know. When the little Woman married she told her Bosom Friend that she was going to be an Ideal Wife.

"I shall never be Jealous," she said, "and if he wants to go out with Other Women occasionally I shall let him Go."

Now it happened that the Man had an old Sweetheart who was Awfully Cut Up when he married the nice little Woman. The Wife knew the Sweetheart and in the Kindness of her Heart she tried to Relieve the other's Misery.

"I want you to Go and Call at least Once a Week on Miss Blank," she said to her Bridegroom, "and you might take her to the Theater once in Awhile."

The husband was Astonished, but obeyed his nice little wife's Bidding. The Wife was Lonely when he was Away, but she Consoled herself by thinking how Generous she was, and how Grateful the Old Sweetheart would be.

But every woman is not Mentally and Morally so Well built as was this nice little Wife. The Old Sweetheart, finding that though the Man enjoyed her Conversation, he didn't Fascinate worth a Cent, resolved to poison his Mind.

She gradually Insinuated the Suspicion that the nice little Wife had an Affair of her Own, and that this was the Reason she was so Pleased to be Left frequently Solo. At first the Husband wouldn't Listen, but by and by he not only Inclined his Ear to the Innuendo but he made himself Believe what he should have known was a Lie.

He watched his Wife and finding Nothing Wrong he thought she was too Deep for Him. So he hired a Detective to Hound her Footsteps. Sleuths of this type can usually Dig up Evidence to Satisfy their Clients. This one proved no Exception to the Rule.

The husband was not so Mean as to make himself the Plaintiff in a Divorce Suit, but he forced his nice little Wife to sue him for a legal Separation on the ground of Incompatibility of Temperament.

And thus was Ended what would have been a Very Happy Domestic Life if the Party to the Second Part had not been Too Obliging.

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NEW BOOKS.

"Jezebel," by Lafayette McLaws, author of "When the Land was Young," is a Biblical tale, clearly written, of considerable originality and good technique. Miss McLaws has endeavored to palliate, to some extent, the repulsive traits of *Jezebel*, and to give readers the impression that her misdeeds were partly the result of environment and of the hostility displayed towards her by orthodox Jews of Israel. The story begins with the wooing of *Jezebel*, Princess of Tyre and Sidon, by *Ahab*, Prince of Israel. The description of the meeting of the two young people forms one of the best chapters of the story. It is full of suggestions of the characters of the leading figures in the tale, and both amusing and dramatic. The chief theme of the story is the contest between *Queen Jezebel* and her Jewish enemies. She has set up the worship of Baal in Israel, and thereby provoked the ire and resentment of those Jews who still adhered to the faith of their fathers, and who are under the influence of *Elijah*, the prophet. *Ruth*, the daughter of *Naboth*, is a highly sympathetic character. She is first deeply loved by *Jezebel*, but compelled, later on, to flee from the royal palace, when the jealous queen is told that *Ahab*, the king, has been urged to marry *Ruth*. There is no truth in the report, but *Jezebel* is full of suspicion and rage, and it is only through the timely assistance of friends that *Naboth's* daughter escapes from the machinations and persecutions of the queen. The romance of love permeates the entire story, and the loving couples are favored with the kind and unselfish devotion of *Zuor*, the Egyptian dwarf. There is absolutely no dull place in this Biblical romance. The mawkish, the sentimental and melodramatic have been kept in the background, and the author has given us a work of fiction that cannot but hold the interest of readers from start to finish. The characters are no mere puppets; they are human, and of intense feeling and passion. Miss McLaws has made a meritorious contribution to fiction of the better class. There is only one leading character that may be said to be reminiscent and somewhat overdrawn, and that is *Zuor*, the dwarf. "Jezebel" may be recommended to fiction-lovers. And yet if they want the real thing about *Jezebel* they must turn to the Bible for it in all its fine savage simplicity. Fair workmanship may retell a Bible tale, but the story in the Book, in every instance, makes all paraphrases and readjustments seem the veriest trifling. It is published by Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston.

Three soldier lads and an interesting tale of cotton cut considerable ice in a story of the Civil War, entitled "The Bale Marked Circle X," by George Cary Eggleston. Three boys, serving in the Confederate army, engage in a perilous voyage from Charleston to the Bahamas. Part of their luggage is a bale of cotton, in which are concealed important documents and a quantity of rifle powder. The voyage is made on a sloop, which runs the blockade, picks up a young, wounded Federal soldier, and then encounters a fearful storm and is capsized. The boys swim ashore and manage to save the bale with its precious contents. Soon after, the sloop drifts along; the boys put her in good shape again, set sail, and succeed in reaching the point of their destination, where they deliver the bale to the proper persons. As a tale of adventure, clean, healthy and straightfor-

ward, "The Bale Marked Circle X" may be said to be in the front rank. It should prove very popular with bright boys. The book contains four very good illustrations. Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston, are the publishers.



A MASTER-SWINDLER.

The Humbert-Crawford swindle is the sensation of the day, not in Paris only, but in England and the United States, and at every port in every country in the world detectives are still on the lookout for the arrival of the two men and two women who are implicated in what is considered one of the most audacious and stupendous frauds ever incubated. "It has no parallel in the history of swindling," says a Paris dispatch to the *New York Herald*. This correspondent, (says a writer in the *Rochester Post-Express*,) probably never heard of the Peralta claim, in which James Addison Reavis proved himself as ingenious and audacious a swindler as ever contributed a chapter to the history of crime. He played an astoundingly brilliant game, with 12,000,000 acres of land, representing hundreds of millions of dollars, as the stake. He hoodwinked the ablest lawyers and victimized the sharpest financiers in the country. He had the support of such men as Robert G. Ingersoll, Roscoe Conkling, John W. Mackay, Collis P. Huntington and Bourke Cockran. The Peralta claim is regarded as the cause celebre in the great land-grant cases of the United States, by reason of the immense stake played for and the number of influential men interested on both sides, and the large amount of money involved in the prosecution and defense. The daring and initiative of this man Reavis, the greatest of forgers, make such affairs as the Humbert-Crawford swindle shrink to petty larceny.

Reavis was the son of a farmer in Henry county, Missouri. He went into the Confederate army during the Civil War, and thereafter led a life of adventure for several years in North, Central and South America. He was a sailor and a soldier, a clerk and bookkeeper, a street car conductor, an insurance agent, a drummer and, finally, a real estate agent in St. Louis. There he made the acquaintance of a man named Willing, who hired him to investigate the genuineness of an old Spanish grant for a small piece of property in Arizona. In this inquiry Reavis learned the methods and the laws of the old Spanish occupation, and his experience with the Willing claim seems to have suggested the idea of getting up one for himself, which he did on a most magnificent scale. After ten or twelve years of the most ingenious and industrious labor he asked Congress to confirm to his wife the title to a tract of land in New Mexico and Arizona, nearly twice as large as the State of Massachusetts, about forty miles long, and containing a population of 30,000 or 40,000. The Santa Fe Railroad company recognized the justice of the claim before it was acted upon by Congress, and paid him \$55,000 for the right of way across his wife's property. The Southern Pacific company not only paid a greater amount for a right of way, but its chief owners are said to have furnished Reavis, from time to time, not less than \$300,000 to pay the expenses of proving his title.

The claim was founded solely on the mythical lineage of a Mexican girl whom Reavis married. So skillfully did he forge

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and carry out his deception that the woman herself was convinced that she was an heiress, the lineal descendant of the first Baroness of Arizona. She swore that she was the granddaughter of Baron Miguel Peralta de la Cordova, of Spain, who went to Mexico, in 1730, as a crown commissioner, and in recognition of his services King Philip V, in 1742, gave him the grant of this great tract of 12,500,000 acres, which to-day lies in Arizona and New Mexico and contains some flourishing towns and is worth \$100,000,000.

Reavis first took his wife to San Francisco, and John W. Mackay was so impressed with her story that he allowed him \$500 a month with which to go to Spain to search for evidence. In Spain, Reavis posed as a newspaper correspondent in quest of material for a series of articles on Spanish history. The government archives were placed at his disposal. By this means Reavis discovered that the Peralta family was extinct. He also found that the Peraltas in Mexico were the descendants of the servants of the family who had taken their patron's name. In an old curio shop in Madrid, Reavis got a valuable link in his chain of evidence—two old ivory miniatures of a husband and wife. They had been painted in the eighteenth century. They were just what he needed. Reavis not only gathered his material from the archives in Madrid and Seville, but he had the audacity to forge genealogical records of the Peralta family and to insert them in the musty tomes. These forgeries were afterward discovered by the graphological experts employed by the government to investigate the Peralta claim.

Reavis traced the lineage of the Peraltas. He found it to be an old family. The name meant a "high pear," from the Spanish "pers," pear and "alta," high. The family became a titled one when a dukedom was conferred upon Enrique Carrillo, several hundred years ago. The last one was Baron Miguel. Now for the grandfather of the Mexican girl. Reavis selected another extinct Spanish family named Silva, married it by forged archives to the last of the genuine Peraltas, who, in reality, had never married, and the mythical Silva Peralta was born to the genuine Baron Miguel Peralta de la Cordova, who never had a son. "I made the records show that the second baron had to abandon Sonora, Mexico, because of the French invasion, and set out for Spain, the home of his ancestors," says Reavis, in his confession, "in 1858, by way of Los Angeles and San Francisco. In 1822, he had married—I doctored the records all right—and to him a daughter had been born, who married Don Jose Ramon Carmen Mason y Gastillo, September 29, 1858. With his daughter and her husband he set out for Spain." It was perfectly planned. The records told enough of the story to give it foundation. He was too wise to tell too much, as it might have been more easily disproved. Floods overtook the family at a crossing of the Santa Anna river, near San Bernardino, Cal., where twins were born to the young mother, a boy and a girl. The mother and boy died, and were buried there in one coffin. The father proceeded, taking the girl with him. This was the mythical

lineage Reavis built for his beautiful bride. She was to be the girl who survived. And it had a wonderful verisimilitude to the truth. There had been the floods, there had been the Spanish nobleman with his family, there had been twins born, there had been the deaths, and the father had gone on with his little girl. A settler had told Reavis a true tale of years gone by. It was easy to convince the settler that they were the Peraltas, which they were not. There were the church records, too. Mexican scribes did the work for him. Reavis did the aging of the records. It was easy to slip them between the original archives, from which they could not be distinguished. It was easy to change ancient church records. Reavis had patience as well as cunning. He waited till the memories of his visit to Spain and Mexico had faded. Then he made formal application for a search of the title to the lands.

Reavis spent nearly one million dollars to prove his claim. This money was provided by John W. Mackay, Crocker, Huntington, and other California capitalists. Conkling, Cockran and Ingersoll agreed to act as counsel. Mackay was completely buncoed. "I consider," he said, "that Mrs. Reavis has as good a title to that land as I have to this hat in my hand, and I paid my own money for it." Said the astute Mr. Conkling: "If this title stood for a tract of land in New York City I would consider it unimpeachable." It looked for a time as if this prince of impostors would win his suit without any fight on the part of the government; but, in the end, the wonderful fabrication of his remarkable ingenuity went down before the forceful simplicity of truth. Reavis was arrested, convicted of forgery and sentenced to two years in the prison of New Mexico. This sentence expired about three years ago. The last heard of him—he may be dead at this writing—he was practicing law in the Colorado courts of justice, making a specialty of land cases. If experience counts for anything, Reavis ought to be able to qualify as an expert.

And the man who first discovered the clew to prevent the great fraud, which was so near to successful eventuation, was Mr. Matt G. Reynolds, of St. Louis, who was an attorney of the Interior Department under Gen. John W. Noble. Mr. Reynolds convicted Reavis after a long, hard fight, and still maintains that Reavis was probably the most remarkably ingenious criminal the world has known.

When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

A story is being told of a clergyman whose jokes are not many. His first curacy had proved rather trying, owing to the presence of so many ladies, all eager to help him. He soon quitted the neighborhood, and some time after, meeting his successor, he asked: "How do you get on with the ladies?" "Oh, all right," was the answer, "there's safety in Numbers." I found it in Exodus," was the reply.—Ex.

NO TIME FOR LESSONS—Jimmy: "I wish I went to school in Russia." Johnny: "Why?" Jimmy: "It takes all day to call the roll."—Brooklyn Life.

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SOCIETY.

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Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Anderson have gone to Saratoga.
Mrs. John Young Brown has gone to Charlevoix, Mich.
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Devoy are in Munich, on their tour of the continent.
Mrs. Dr. J. K. Bauduy is visiting her mother, sisters and daughters in the East.
Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Lederer has returned from a trip to the mountains of Georgia.
Mr. and Mrs. Warren Johnson are spending several weeks at Mackinac Island.
Mr. and Mrs. Mark W. Johnson have just returned from a trip of two weeks, West.
Mrs. M. F. Scanlan and Miss Marian Scanlan are settled at St. Clair Springs, Mich.
Miss Millicent McDonald, with her niece, Miss Susie Landers, is at South Haven, Mich.
Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Plant are among St. Louisans sojourning at Charlevoix, Mich.
Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Homes, of Shaw place, will leave next Monday for the Eastern resorts.
Miss Ella Homes will visit the fashionable resorts of the West for the next few weeks.
Mrs. George Walker accompanied by Misses Daisy and Maud Walker, are at Naragansett Pier.
Miss Francis Allison is visiting her sister, Mrs. David Nevins, on the coast of Massachusetts.
Mrs. Scott P. Parsons, who has been for some time at Lake Minnetonka, left, last week, for South Haven.
Mrs. Alexander De Menil, with her son, Master George De Menil, left, last week, for St. Clair Springs, Mich.
Mr. and Mrs. Festus J. Wade, with their daughters, Misses Stella and Marie Wade, are at present in Paris.
Mrs. John E. Thompson, who has been traveling abroad, will sail on the 23d of this month for home.
Col. and Mrs. George Hayward, accompanied by Miss Florence Hayward, have gone to St. Clair Springs, Mich.
Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Kimball, of Kensington avenue, have gone to Grosse Isle, Mich., for the remainder of the summer.
Mrs. Ernest Peugnet, who has been all summer at the Eastern resorts, has now gone to South Haven, Mich. Mr. Peugnet will join his wife later.
Mr. and Mrs. Vital Garesche have given up their home on Blackstone avenue and have taken a house on Goodfellow avenue near Ridge.
Mrs. Henry Bond, accompanied by Misses Irene and Marion Bond and Master Whitelaw Bond, went to Wequetonsing, last week, for the remainder of the season.
Mr. and Mrs. S. Galli announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Sadie Galli, to Mr. Peppino Ginseff. The wedding will take place in the early part of September.
A telegram, last week, apprised the St. Louis friends of Mr. Samuel Cupples Pierce of his engagement to Miss Elizabeth Howell Plummer, of New York. The young people have been summering at Jamestown, where Miss Plummer's family have a cottage, and where the wedding will take place in the early fall. Mr. Pierce is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Pierce.
The marriage of Miss Virginia Sanford and Mr. Bert Lawnin took place, on Monday afternoon, at the home of the mother of the bride, Mrs. Louisa B. Sanford, of 4213 West Pine Boulevard, Rev. Father Gilfillan, of the Cathedral, officiating. The bride had as her only attendant her aunt, Miss Martha Berthold. A bridal dinner was served at the ceremony, to the few relatives present.
The marriage of Miss Mary Gertrude Pitman and Mr. Clarence Warner Condie, of Pittsburg, Pa., took place on Wednesday evening, at half-past eight o'clock, at the home of the mother of the bride, Mrs. R. H. Pitman, of 5608 Cabanne avenue, Rev. Dr. B. P. Fullerton officiating. The wedding was a simple home affair, the only attendants being Miss Leila Barradal, as maid of honor, and Mr. Fred Magnet, as best man. After an informal reception the young couple departed for a tour before going to their home in Pittsburg, Pa.

Hot weather foot-wear of the best sort is to be found at Swope's. Indeed, the best foot-wear for all seasons is to be found at Swope's. And Swope's is to be found at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

THE MAN'S MAN.

"What do men like in men?" This is the question discussed in an article in the the August number of the *Cosmopolitan*. The average man has no definite, fixed idea of his own regarding the qualities to be desired in other men. If you were to ask him for an opinion on the matter, he would either tell you that he had none, or else favor you with an endless catalogue of qualities that would bear a strong resemblance to the "hundred-best-book" lists made by persons who sincerely believe that they are expressing their own literary preferences, but are actually indulging in a bit of intellectual pose. Just as these individuals mention the books which they feel they ought to enjoy reading rather than those which they really read, so the average man will name a number of qualities which he thinks he likes, rather than those which, in his heart of hearts, he actually does like.

Perhaps there is no man found who likes a "Sissy." What is a "Sissy?" The true "Sissy" is the man of any age or any external appearance who always inspires you with an insurmountable feeling of *malaise*. "He need not be a physical weakling at all. The most perfect specimen of this type that I have ever seen, was a man over six feet in height, of powerful build, and with the torso of a gladiator. When you first saw him, you said to yourself, 'Here is a man.' Yet he was a 'Sissy' all the same. Nature had merely mocked him in giving him a presence such as his. Back of his thews and sinews, back of his broad chest and massive head, there dwelt a Sissy-soul, and every man and woman who came to know him felt it by an unerring instinct. When he spoke, he uttered nothing but inanities. When he laughed, the sound concealed a giggle. When he was angry, he scolded like a peevish woman. When he was pleased, he simpered. When he was hurt, he whined. Whatever he did or said or thought, he was always flat. This kind of Sissy is the kind that men dislike—and women too; and the reason for it, when you get down to the last analysis, is that in everything he is somehow incomplete. He tries to do as others do, and yet he never rings quite true. With men he endeavors to assume an air of manliness, and they laugh at him, or else avoid him. With women he endeavors to ingratiate himself, and they resent it. He is chicken-hearted, cold and fearful. He would like to be considered dangerous—a rake, a man of the world, a *gaillard*, a *viveur*,—and when he nerves himself up to some piece of petty vice, he runs about and cackles over it, though all the while he quakes internally lest the wrong person should ever hear of it. He is of the class of the street-masher, only with him it all means nothing, for his blood is water. How women hate him! They will always, in their hearts pardon a man who is impetuously overbold, even though they ever after shut him from their presence; but a 'Sissy' with his flabby, feeble, mawkish imitation of an ardor which he never felt, affects them with a sort of moral nausea."

The average man likes the "square" man, with a sense of honor. The "square" man has the most influence, and is the most popular, and deservedly so. To be "square" means to be true to friends, and even, when honor requires it, to enemies. Fair play and the rigor of the game are a masculine ideal, and men will trust and like those who live up to its strict requirements. The foundation of it all is justice—the most masculine

of virtues, and the only one in which no woman ever had a share. There have been generous, wise, brave and self-denying women, but the absolutely just woman has never yet been seen. Justice is God's gift to man alone.

Allied to justice is reasonableness, another virtue that appeals to men when found in other men. "It involves a number of related qualities, and most of all a sense of humor which throws a clear light of its own upon so many difficulties, and sets things in their true proportions, and shows how small the small things really are. Reasonableness is the lubricant of life, as the lack of it is the irritant . . ." He who has this quality will draw other men to him as if by a magnet.

And no man can be a man without courage, and generosity, which is an element of reasonableness. And he must also have modesty, which, while it quietly conceals the other traits, does, in the end enhance their value and increase the charm which they possess. Another manly virtue is dignity. True dignity is not to be confounded with its counterfeits,—with stiffness or pomposity, or even with reserve. It is the touch of self-respect which exists in every fine character. No really great man ever lacked it, and no human being ever felt it to be other than a claim upon his liking.

"The last of all the qualities which men like most in men is one of which but few are conscious, even when they feel its influence. We have seen that men dislike effeminacy. They do. Yet in the nature of men whom other men like best there is always to be traced a touch of something that is feminine. It is like a thread of silver woven in some useful fabric, gleaming amid the plain, strong texture of the web, not very noticeable and yet imparting just a hint of beauty to the whole." This feminine quality is much to be desired; it gives fineness to character. Intellectually, it means intuition, sensitiveness and imagination, and, temperamentally, it denotes gentleness and the tenderness which is the perfect complement of strength.

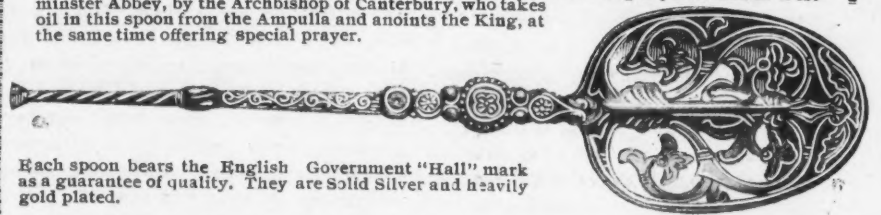
When we sum up all the above enumerated qualities, we will come to the conclusion, and accept it as the truth, that all men like a Gentleman.

MORE CRUELTY—"I make it a rule," he said, "to learn something every day." "My!" she replied, "how fast you must forget."—*Chicago Record*.

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HE KNEW.

According to Representative Kyle, this episode happened in Pickaway county, Ohio:

There is in the county a certain cross-roads where a patient teacher struggles daily with the development of the young idea. One morning she was giving the school a lesson in geography.

"What is a cataract?" she asked.

There was absolute silence in response, and she explained the meaning of the word. "What is a cape?"

This was better. One of the children knew it was a point of land jutting out into the water.

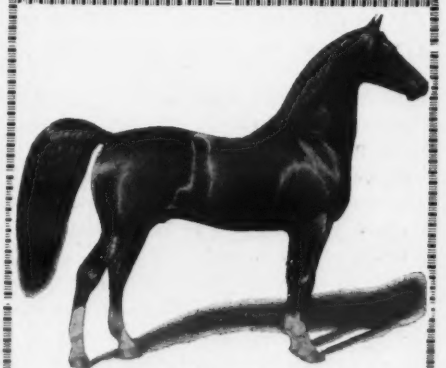
"What is a strait?"

Over in the corner a small hand went up.

"I know, teacher," said a small boy.

"Well, what is it?"

"It beats three of a kind," was the triumphant answer.—*Washington Post*.



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SUMMER SHOWS.

THE MIKADO.

The comic opera of comic operas is "on" at the Delmar. It matters not that it is the hundredth or more time it has been done, "The Mikado" never grows stale. It is the best of its school, and its school is the best of the many varieties of comic opera writing. The wit and humor of the libretto—a splendid specimen of the high art of satire—the characteristic music—good writing all of it—have been proof against time, and the solid structure of the work has withstood even the repeated attacks of the Goths and Vandals of the operatic profession—the common repertoire companies.

And the most rabid Gilbert and Sullivanite will find little to complain of in the present revival.

The work is handled most intelligently by the Delmar Company. Mr. J. Clarence Harvey is the present *Ko Ko* and plays the role in a way that leaves little opportunity for odious comparison with past *Ko Kos*. He is individual, clever, amusing, and, best of all, unlike the majority of his predecessors, he is not addicted to the habit of attempting to improve on Gilbert. The librettist receives excellent treatment at his hands, but, it must be confessed, the poor Sullivan is sadly maltreated. However, the late Sir Arthur must be used to it by this time, and, anyway, it seems unreasonable to expect an exhibition of *bel canto* from a "comic," so its absence can easily be overlooked, especially in one who makes "points" so cleverly and brings out the meatiness of the lines with so much intelligence. Mr. Harvey's make-up is a study, —an attenuated, weazened-faced old man is this *Ko Ko*—and here and there is a touch that gives his action an element of novelty. So, if you would see one of the best of *Ko Kos*, see Mr. Harvey. A word, too, for the *Yum Yum*, as personated by Miss Maude Williams. She is altogether charming, bubbling with fun and spirit, looks most picturesque and shows a keen appreciation of both Gilbert and Sullivan. In fact, it seems to me that Miss Williams has never sung so well as she is singing this week. The arduous duties of the "Telephone Girl," the "Runaway Girl," with the work of Bohemian and Italian girls in the meantime, seem not to have affected her, and her voice is strong and true and free from the general comic opera acidity. Miss Williams has an *esprit*, a vivacity and personal charm, given to few of her ilk, and with it all a modesty and refinement all too rare among the members of the branch of the theatrical profession to which she belongs.

Pitti Sing fares well at the hands of Miss Reynolds, who was much disguised in a black wig. Edwin Clark uniquely, but gorgeously caparisoned, is the *Pook Bah*. His work in the role is well known here, as is Miss Chapman's excellent, solemnly funny, Gilbertian *Katisha*.

The *Nanki Pook* is Mr. Harry Davies, new to the Delmar but remembered as a conscientious capable singer of Castle Square repute. He was inclined to sing "sharp" on Sunday, but he has good taste, musically, and apparently pleased his audience.

The Lounger.

Out at Forest Park Highlands they are trying to beat their own records. The shows grow better and more entertaining every week, and the audiences, as may be expected, larger. There can be no doubt

that the shows have become very popular, because they cater to popular taste. Among the star performers this week, Eugene Cowles, the operatic basso, and James Thornton, the famous monologist, are rapidly ingratiating themselves into the favor of St. Louisians. Their achievements are greeted with rounds of applause. And then there are the Rio Brothers, with marvelous feats on flying rings, Hill and Silvan, the Bicycle Experts, and Mazuz and Mazette, the eccentrics, all of whom do their share in making the two daily performances worth seeing. Next week's show will be progressively better. The attractions outside the pavilion are the greatest money makers ever known. The Loop-the-Loop is still the greatest attraction in the city—bar none.

The Buhler-Kemble-Rising Stock Company gave a most pleasing performance of "Faust" on Sunday night to a large audience. Mr. Buhler made a handsome appearance as *Faust* and played the role with such grace that one almost wished he would give a few Jean De Rezske tones, especially in the garden scene. Lillian Kemble added to her long list of achievements by portraying *Marguerite* with intelligence and feeling. Louise Orendorf was a painstaking *Martha* and the *Mephisto* of Lee Sterret was the most artistic. Will Rising played *Valentine* with dash and was strong in the death scene. He introduced a ballad which pleased. "Carmen" next week.

HANDICAPPING SKILL.

Skillful handicapping on horse racing has become a science.

Many men attempt to solve the problem but fail. A handicapper to a bookmaker is similar to a credit man in a large mercantile house. One of the most successful handicappers in the country is employed by E. J. Arnold & Co., who have been so successful with their horses and books at St. Louis this season.

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An Irishman whose face was so plain that his friends used to tell him it was an offense to the landscape, happened also to be as poor as he was homely.

One day a neighbor met him, and asked: "How are you, Pat?"

"Mighty bad! Shure 'tis starvation that's starin' me in the face."

"Begorra!" exclaimed his neighbor, sympathetically, "it can't be very pleasant for either of ye."

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THE PREMIER YELLOW.

The latest event in the history of journalism is the enlargement of *Le Petit Journal*. One may pause to glance at the history of this remarkable newspaper if only because it has a better title than any of its rivals to advertise its circulation as "the largest in the world."

The paper dates from 1863, and its founder was a banker named Moses Milaud, a fact which seems to indicate that its origin was less anti-Semitic than its policy during the Dreyfus case. Indeed, as the paper became anti-Semitic, the name of the founder was gradually changed from Moses to Polydorus. In those days of small circulations it began with a sale of 150,000 copies, sprang in a year or two to 300,000 copies, and grew until it turned the million, was floated as a company, and paid prodigious dividends. In the interest of those persons who think of investing their hard-earned savings in newspaper property, it is worth while to enumerate the means by which this great success has been achieved.

In the first place, the paper catered for a new public. Previous daily papers had only catered for politicians, the boulevards and society. The directors of *Le Petit Journal* decided to aim straight at the great heart of the people—to satisfy the literary cravings of the grisette, the *dames des halles*, the *concierge*, the *bonne-a-tout-faire* and the half-educated frequenters of the village cafe. They faced two problems. The problem of getting at these people and the problem of giving them exactly what they wanted.

The former problem was solved by sending out commercial travelers. For many years representatives of the paper drove all over the country, neglecting no hamlet, however remote from the railway, arranging that some citizen should always have *Le Petit Journal* on sale wherever there was a cluster of houses. The result is, that to this day, when you flatter yourself that you have driven or walked or cycled far out of reach of newspapers, you suddenly come upon a notice-board inviting you to buy this particular monthly or paper at a farm house or a smithy or a laborer's cottage.

As regards the contents of the paper, its directors either guessed or discovered that what their new public wanted was, in the first place, a complete chronicle of contemporary crime, and a daily installment of a sensational serial story. The chronicle of crime, of course, was easy to supply without suborning criminals by giving careful instructions to a great army of occasional correspondents. Horrors were raked in from every corner of the land. One read how one man had set fire to a farmer's haystack, and another had thrown his mother-in-law out of a window, and a third pitched

a baby down a well, and so on through several columns, and the public aimed at was delighted. "Ah! ce qu'il y en a de crimes aujourd'hui sur le journal" was the admiring exclamation.

An even more popular feature, however, was the serial story. Moses Milaud, who inaugurated the policy of publishing them, was given, by popular acclamation, the proud title of "the father of the feuilleton:" and the editor of the paper presently had the good luck to discover Emile Richebourg, the greatest writer of feuilletons that the world has ever seen.

One's heart goes out to Emile Richebourg because he knew what he wrote was rubbish, and never posed as a man of letters. It was no part of his task to penetrate the hidden places of the human heart. He wrote of missing wills, and long-lost uncles, and foundlings who turned out to be the heirs to great estates. He was generally engaged upon several of these stories at the same time, and, in order that he might not confuse them, or forget the color of his heroine's hair, he used to have sets of dolls made, and labeled to represent his personages, kept each set of dolls in a separate drawer, and always stood the proper puppets on the desk in front of him when he was writing. One does not readily picture a proud man of letters working in this fashion, but Emile Richebourg found that it served his purpose very well. Not even the proudest of the men of letters earned such a large income so steadily as he did. For he was the one indispensable man. The experiment was once tried by employing Jules Verne instead of him. The result was that the paper lost 80,000 subscribers in a week and the editor ate humble pie, and brought Richebourg back. The paper paid him £4,000 for his serials, and took as many as he would write. For quite a time he was earning £20,000 a year.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

A gentleman in London called on the celebrated editor of a well-known newspaper, and said: "Sir, your paper has announced that I am dead." "If it is in our paper, it must be true," replied the editor. "But it is not true; for, as you see, I am alive." "Well, then, it cannot be helped." "But I expect you to correct the misstatement," said the gentleman. The editor answered: "I can not do that, for we never recall what is in our paper. I will, however, do everything to bring you back to life. Tomorrow I will place your name in the list of births."

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First Caddie: "I saw ye cairrying for the minister yesterday, Donald; what kin' o' player is he?" Second Caddie: "Man, he'll never make a gowffer! D'ye ken what he says when he misses the ba'?" First Caddie: "No; what does he say?" Second Caddie (disgustedly): "Tut! Tut!"—*Glasgow Evening Times*.

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A HISTORY OF CHURCH MUSIC.

Since the distinguished Italian Composer, the Abbe Perosi, made his uncomplimentary remarks about modern church-music in Italy, there has been considerable discussion of the origin, history and uses of church-music. Professional and non-professional music-lovers, the clergyman and the layman, should, therefore, be interested in a highly meritorious work entitled "Music in the History of the Western Church," by Edward Dickinson, Professor of the History of Music in Oberlin College. In his preface, the author says; "The practical administration of music in public worship is one of the most interesting of the secondary problems with which the Christian Church has been called upon to deal. Song has proved such a universal necessity in worship that it may almost be said: No music, no church. The endless diversity of musical forms and styles involves the perennial question: how shall music contribute most effectively to the ends which church worship has in view, without renouncing those attributes upon which its freedom as fine art depends?" Prof. Dickinson, in his first chapter, gives a very interesting sketch of the origin and development of religious musical worship. He makes copious reference to the history of ancient races, of the Babylonians and Assyrians, the Egyptians, the Jews, Greeks and Romans. Many topical Bible passages are cited to demonstrate the value which has at all times been attached to the use of music in religious worship. There are plain allusions in the Old Testament which indicate that the Assyrians employed music on festal occasions, that hymns to the gods were sung at banquets and dirges at funerals. Music was an important factor in Egyptian religious rites, and the Greeks derived much of their musical practice from the land of the Nile. In his discourse concerning music, in his "Morals," Plutarch says: "The ancient Greeks deemed it requisite by the assistance of music to form and compose the minds of youth to what was decent, and virtuous, believing the use of music beneficially efficacious to incite to all serious actions." Prof. Dickinson quotes the well-known expression of Mr. Herbert Spencer that "cadence is the comment of the emotion upon the propositions of the intellect," and says that this would apply very accurately to the theories of ancient musical worship.

In his sketch of the genesis of music among the ancient Jews, Prof. Dickinson makes the following interesting remarks: "With the capture of Jerusalem and the establishment of the royal residence within its ramparts, the worship of Jehovah increased in splendor; the love of pomp and display, which was characteristic of David, and still more of his luxurious son, Solomon, was manifest in the imposing rites and ceremonies that were organized to the honor of the people's God. The barbaric splendor of religious service and festal pageant was the natural expression of popular joy and self-confidence."

The rapid growth of Christianity brought about a marked change in religious musical worship. "The genius of Christianity, opening up new soul-depths, and quickening, as no other religion could, the higher possibilities of holiness in man, was especially adapted to evoke larger manifestations of musical invention." Church music occupied a prominent place in Christian worship, at the beginning of the fifth century. That a very elaborate and emotional

style was in use at Milan in St. Augustine's time may be inferred from that passage in the ninth book of the "Confessions," wherein St. Augustine describes the effect of the church music upon himself, and, though rather reluctantly, admits the necessity of this kind of worship as a means of arousing fervent religious devotion in the hearts of the masses.

The gradual development of church music, through the mediæval ages and the reformation; of the liturgy of the Catholic church; the rise of the Lutheran hymnody, and of the German cantata and Passion; the culmination of the German Protestant music with Johann Sebastian Bach; the musical system of the Church of England and the Congregational Song in England and America, all are well and impartially described and traced. There is no sign of sectarian prejudice and bigotry. Prof. Dickinson is generous and liberal-minded. In his chapter devoted to "Problems of Church Music in America," he points out vital defects and the way to proper reform. He tells us that "in non-liturgic churches of America, one sees only a confusion of purposes, a lack of agreement, an absence of every shade of recognized authority. The only tradition is that of complete freedom of choice. There is no admitted standard of taste; the whole music service is experimental, subject to the preferences, more or less capricious, of choir-master or music committee."

The work of Prof. Dickinson is written in scholarly fashion. The style is a little profuse and laborious, occasionally, but the subject is thoroughly and instructively discussed. It is free from pedantry and a confusing array of wearisome details. The book is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price \$2.50 net.

A DOUBLE DOSE NECESSARY.

A Philadelphia physician of some standing, at present, had a hard struggle to get through college, owing to lack of money, and frankly admits that he used to make an occasional dollar on the side by "doping" race horses. Walking to Woodbury, one afternoon, to catch a train for Camden, he came across an old negro vainly endeavoring to start a stubborn mule. The physician prepared an injection, and served the mule, which thereupon started up the road like a possessed demon. The old negro looked after the fleeing animal in wonderment, and then asked:

"How much you charge for that treatment, mistah?"

"O!—say, 10 cents," replied the physician.

"Well, then, jus' gimme 'bout 20-cents' wuth; fo' Ise got to catch dat mule!"—From the Philadelphia Times.

Senator Hanna sees all comers at his house every afternoon, between five and six o'clock. Recently a prosperous-looking man was there with a bundle of papers under his arm. He had a scheme he wanted the Senator to invest in. "If you will put in fifty thousand dollars," he said to the Senator, "I will guarantee you one hundred and fifty per cent profit in ninety days." "I'll do it," said the Senator. The promoter rubbed his hands in glee. "When can I have the money?" he asked. "Right now," said Senator Hanna; "I'll give you a draft for fifty thousand dollars, payable in ninety days, and at the end of that time you can send me the balance of the money."

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NEW YORK,
—AND—
BOSTON.

LOOK AT THE SCHEDULE.

Leave St. Louis	8:30 am	12:00 Noon	8:06 pm	11:30 pm
Arrive Indianapolis	2:50 pm	6:10 pm	4:05 am	7:25 am
" Cincinnati	6:00 pm	9:05 pm	7:30 am	10:55 am
" Cleveland	10:20 pm	1:40 am	2:30 am	2:55 pm
" Buffalo	2:55 am	6:18 am	7:25 am	7:25 pm
" New York	2:55 pm	6:00 pm	7:50 am	7:50 pm
" Boston	4:55 pm	9:03 pm	10:10 am	10:10 am

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AFTER THE CEREMONY.

Mr. and Mrs. Percival Wentworth, in their elegantly appointed brougham, are on their way from the church to the wedding reception at the bride's house.

PERCIVAL: Well, we're married!

MRS. PERCIVAL: Yes, the fatal deed is done!

PERCIVAL: Thank goodness that part is over! The person who invented going to church to get married ought to invent one thing more; then be transported. All the fuss and feathers, the rehearsing and so on just for about fifteen minutes, and to give people a chance to stare! The only comforting thought is that the church part was on your father, Madge.

MRS. P: Poor old dad! He did his part nobly.

PERCIVAL: Yes, I thought he parted with his only daughter quite heroically. By the way, my dear, you looked very nice. White is becoming to you. Would it muss things if I tried to kiss my wife?

MRS. P: Oh, you mustn't think of such a thing, Percival! Madame said my veil wouldn't stand any handling, and then there's the reception to be gone through yet. Anyway, I thought you said we were going to be sensible from the start?"

PERCIVAL: So I did. But you wouldn't mind if I put my arm back of you, would you? You see, in a brougham there isn't much accommodation for a fellow's arms. He seems, somehow, all arms and feet.

MRS. P: I think, perhaps, you'd better not, Percival, if it's all the same to you. You see, white soils so easily.

PERCIVAL: Oh, very well, just as you say, my dear. We went into this thing, you know, with the idea of getting as much mutual good out of it as possible.

MRS. P: So we did, and it is nice of you to remember. Do you know, Percival, I have an idea we are going to be very happy, in spite of the mess marriage usually proves?

PERCIVAL: Isn't it odd, I have thought that several times myself? Of course, all those rubbishy things we promised at the altar didn't mean anything—nobody attaches any real importance to them—but I intend to be as good as I know how to you, Madge. You shall have your own way in everything below the second floor, and I shan't interfere with your sports any more than you will with mine. If you stay out late with some of your pals I shan't wait up—if I chance to be at home myself—and I don't mean ever to ask you any question about your life before you met me.

MRS. P: How good of you, dear—so thoughtful!

PERCIVAL: No, it's only what I consider fair in a husband. He has no more right to go prying into his wife's past than she has into his. That's where people make their fatal error in married life and why it is so often a failure. I only want you to be happy.

MRS. P: You won't mind my men friends coming to the house sometimes, will you, Percival?

PERCIVAL: Not at all. Any more than you will mind my going out to see mine.

MRS. P: Of course not! I should hate to have a man mooning about the house all the time. Home is no place for a man. Before everything, I wish to make you happy, Percival.

PERCIVAL: Thanks. I see you have the right idea of marriage, Madge.

MRS. P: And you'll never ask me what things cost, will you? nor where the

money's gone? That seems to me the fatal error in married life.

PERCIVAL: Never—so long as your father makes you a liberal allowance. You shall do as you like with your own, little woman.

MRS. P: You are so generous, Percival! Oh, I know we are going to be wildly happy! Am I to smoke?

PERCIVAL: Why, certainly. Didn't I say you were not to change any of your habits? I don't ask you to give it up any more than you would ask it of me. People make such a mistake in trying all at once to break away from all their old habits. It never works and usually makes trouble.

MRS. P: Yes, and the habits always come back.

PERCIVAL: Of course, I shan't expect you to open my letters.

MRS. P: Dear, no! Any more than you would open mine. And we shall have two night-keys between us?

PERCIVAL: I have already ordered them.

MRS. P: You dear boy, how do you think of everything! It's a wonderful thing to be married, Percival, and thus far I like it very much. Only think, I shall now have Mrs. on my cards and can go everywhere without a chaperon!

PERCIVAL: Great isn't it? A girl doesn't know what freedom is until she is married.

MRS. P: And a man?

PERCIVAL: Well, if a man marries a sensible girl like you, he doesn't have to give up so much, either. You see, it's all the way one goes into the thing. When the people take it sensibly, as you and I are doing, it ought not to be much of a grind on either side. A man finds after living at his club as long as I have, that there's not much in it—it isn't like a home and, anyway, the club is always there and he can go there whenever things aren't to his liking at home. Neither one nor the other would be pleasant all the time. When he gets dull at the club he can come home and find his little wife all in pink ruffles and smiles, and then when pink ruffles and smiles cease to charm, he



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can go back to the club. Isn't that the idea?

MRS. P: The only sensible one. In these days the women have so much to interest them, too, with their card parties and luncheons and things; they don't have to stay home and bore themselves with the stupid details of housekeeping any more than the men.

PERCIVAL: Of course they don't. Oh, I tell you, my dear, we are fortunate in being born in these times, instead of in the days of our grandfathers when life was such a humdrum, unromantic affair.

MRS. P: Indeed we are; we can't be too thankful! If things were as they used to be there would be fewer marriages.

PERCIVAL: Yes, fewer marriages and fewer divorces.

MRS. P: Oh, Percival, please don't speak of divorces—somehow it seems bad for people to begin speaking about divorces before they have started on their wedding tour!

PERCIVAL: All right, Mrs. Wentworth, anything to please you. I shan't mention the subject till we get back.

MRS. P: You are so good!

PERCIVAL: What an appreciative little woman! Why, by Jove, here we are! How short the ride has seemed!

MRS. P: Yes, hasn't it? Oh, Percival, do you know, in spite of the terrible risk

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people run in marrying, I do believe we are going to be wildly happy!

[CURTAIN.]

Fine Diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Excursions and alarums were numerous on the New York stock exchange in the past week. Both bulls and bears had their inning. The Chicago crowd continued its activity, but there was some doubt as to whether its transactions predominated on the bull or on the bear side of the account. According to Wall street "tipsters," Gates and his friends are still very optimistic and very emphatic in their predictions that the bull market has come to stay. They are declared to be of the opinion that leading "Grangers" will be from 10 to 20 points higher by October first. If Gates and his friends entertain such views and hopes, they must indeed be bullish, and more so than all the rest of the leading men of Wall street. There will be big wheat, corn and cotton crops, and the railroads are certain to enjoy another era of record-breaking earnings, but, one may be allowed to ask, have not all these things been well discounted already? The average prices of stocks are now higher than they have ever been before, and the investment return has dropped to 3 per cent and even less. If there is to be another big bull market, it will have to be based upon sure indications of higher dividend-rates.

Take, for instance, Atchison common. The company is now paying 4 per cent per annum on these shares, and it is asserted that the rate could easily be enlarged to 5 per cent, as the company's surplus is steadily increasing. Times are prosperous and promise to continue so for at least another year. If Atchison common were to be placed on a basis of 5 per cent, would it be worth more than 100? Would it be cheap at 92? Hardly. The preferred stock is selling at about 103 as a 5 per cent dividend-payer. There are many first mortgage 4 per cent bonds selling at less than par, while Atchison common is selling at 92. Only four years ago, the stock could be bought by the team at 14. Only four years ago, the company was barely able to pay the 4 per cent on its adjustment bonds. Since then, it has been paying dividends on the shares, and pursued a very generous policy towards security-holders. Since then, it has largely increased the outstanding amount of both adjustment and general mortgage bonds. There has been another issue of bonds placed ahead of the original adjustment 4s, and expenditures have been liberally capitalized. It is suspected that it would have been better if the capitalization process had been conducted on a more conservative basis, and that the management has been entirely too hasty in beginning dividend-payments on the common shares. Yet, judging by official utterances, they seem to be confident of a maintenance of 4 per cent payments on the common, and there is a strong probability that the rate will soon be raised to 5 per cent. There can be no doubt that both preferred and common are held by strong parties. But all this does not prove that the common is a bargain at current quotations. It would not require much of a setback in business to put Atchison common again among the non-dividend payers. For the time being, there is no inducement to buy it at 92. It will be time enough to "load up" with it after the company has demonstrated its ability to continue dividend payments indefinitely.

Missouri Pacific displays marked strength. Sentiment on this stock is decidedly bullish. There can be no question that it is a promising proposition, and rather low, compared

with other stocks of its class. There are good people in Wall street who are willing to stake their reputation on the prediction that Missouri Pacific will sell at 160 before a great while. This is one of the few stocks that has not yet been overboomed. At 118, it is considerably below Union Pacific common, which pays only 4 per cent.

Rumors are current that there will soon be a sharp rise in United States steel common. It is declared that these shares are a big bargain at 39, and that they should be selling around 60. They would, unquestionably, not be purchasable at present low prices if investors had any confidence in the ability of the company to continue paying 4 per cent. The earning capacity of the big trust has not as yet been sufficiently demonstrated. It is still in a highly conjectural state. While earnings are phenomenal at the present time, nobody can tell what they will be a year hence. The iron and steel industry has always been a very capricious and uncertain factor. It is king at the present time, and may be pauper in 1903. The position of United States Steel shares will improve according as the confidence of investors is strengthened.

The movements in Amalgamated Copper are very erratic. Bearish sentiment is still very pronounced, and there are quite a good many traders who look for lower prices for the stock. To a man up a tree, however, it would seem as though bottom had been reached. To sell Amalgamated, after a drop of almost seventy points, may prove a very costly experiment. The stock is, on general principles, undoubtedly a better purchase than sales. For the "nervy" speculator it is quite an attractive proposition. It may give him lots of excitement, and keep him constantly on the jump, but it will reward him for all his troubles if he has the means to hang on to it and does not mind lying awake of nights, occasionally.

The absorption of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois by the St. Louis & San Francisco proved a big surprise. Nobody seemed to have any intimation of such a deal. As matters stand, all that can be said is that the "Frisco" has secured a fine connection with the Lakes and the Northwest, even if the price may be said to be a little "stiff." The Chicago & Eastern Illinois has done a big business for years, and its securities are well liked by investors. The company has been well managed, and it is to be presumed that the new owners will do everything in their power to enhance its great earning capacity, and to convince the financial community that the deal had been well considered and will prove of great advantage to both parties.

The gold exports did not create any special disturbance. It is the general belief that they will soon cease. Sterling exchange at Paris is rising again, and, this being the case, exporters will find it more profitable to remit in exchange bills. The gold exported to Paris will undoubtedly be employed in facilitating the conversion of 3½ per cent rentes, which the French Government authorized sometime ago. There will be a scaling down in interest, first, to 3¼ per cent and then to 3 per cent. The conversion will cut down annual interest charges by about 7,000,000 francs.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

There is "nothing doing" in the St. Louis market. Neither buyers nor sellers are much in evidence. The general belief seems to be that there will be no revival in

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business until fall, and that in the meanwhile bears and bulls will rest on their oars. Investing demand is very small; it is hardly visible. It looks as though every moneyed man and woman had been "loading up" with speculative stocks, and were now disposed to await developments.

The strongest bank stock, during the past week, has been Third National, which climbed up to 319. Transactions were small, however, and not of any special significance. The rest of bank and trust shares hardly moved at all.

St. Louis Transit, after rising to 31¾, dropped back again. United preferred is in quiet demand at 83¾. Suburban 5s are rather weak at 104¾.

Bank clearances are still above last year's

level. Interest rates remain strong at 5 and 6 per cent. Sterling is steady at \$4 88¼.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

L. O'D.—The earnings of the company are very good. Dividend-payments may soon be commenced. Would not advise you to sell it at present prices.

J. S.—Mexican bonds are regarded as fairly safe investments. They are not so readily marketable in this country, however, although the 5s are listed on the New York stock exchange. The Mexican Government has absolutely no difficulty in paying its obligations. The State bonds are not very desirable.

K. G.—The stock is well thought of. There is a strong pool at work, which will take care of all offerings. So far as B. & O. is concerned, one cannot say that the stock is dear, even at 110. It is dangerous to buy it on margin, how-

St. Louis Union Trust Co.

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CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted.
Gas Co. (Gid) 4	J D	June 1, 1905	102½-103
Park 6	A O	April 1, 1905	109-110
Property (cur) 6	A O	April 1, 1906	10-111
Renewal (gid) 3.65	J D	June 25, 1907	101½-101¾
" 4	A O	April 10, 1908	104-105½
" 3½	J D	Dec., 1909	102½-103
" 3½	J J	July 1, 1918	111-112
" 3½	F A	Aug 1, 1919	104-105
" 3½	M S	June 2, 1920	104-106
" ster. 2.004	M N	Nov 1, 1912	107½-108½
" (gid) 4	M N	Nov 1, 1912	107½-108½
" 4	A O	Oct 1, 1913	107½-110
" 4	J D	June 1, 1914	109-110
" 2.65	M N	May 1, 1915	104-105
" 3½	F A	Aug 1, 1918	102½-103
World's Fair 3½	A O	Apr 1, 1902	
Interest to seller.			
Total debt about			\$23,856,277
Assessment			\$52,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.	F A	Aug 1, 1903	104½-105½
Funding 6.	F A	Feb 1, 1921	102-104
3½.	J D	June, 1920	104-106
School Lib. 4s 10-20	J D	Apr 1, 1914	104-106
" 4-20.	M S	Mar 1, 1918	102-103
" 4-20.	M S	Mar 1, 1918	103-105
" 4-20.	M S	Mar 1, 1918	104-105
" 4-20.	M S	Mar 1, 1918	105-106
" 4-20.	J D	July 1, 1919	105-107
" 4-20.	J D	June 1, 1920	104-106
" 3½.	J J	July 1, 1921	101-103

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	Wh'n Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	85-86
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100-101
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	107-109
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	-60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	104-106
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	100-101
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10.	1904	99-101½
Kinloch Tel Co. 6s 1st mort.	1928	103½-108½
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	108½-109
Merchants Bridge 1st mort 6s	1929	116-116½
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	112½-113
Mo Electric Lt 2d 6s.	1921	115-116
Missouri Edison 1st mort 5s.	1927	90-91
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s.	1906	100-101
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	95½-96
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90-100
St. L. Troy & Eastern Ry 6s.	1919	101-104
Union Dairy 1st 5s.	1921	100-101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s.	1913	101½-105
Union Trust Building 2d 6s.	1908	75-80

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	July '02, 2 Qy	329-331
Boatmen's	100	July '02, 3½ SA	235-238
Bremen Sav.	100	July '02, 8 SA	325-350
Fourth National	100	May '02, 5 SA	330-335
Franklin	100	June '02, 4 SA	180-200
German Savings	100	Jan. '02, 6 SA	430-450
German-Amer.	100	Jan. '02, 20 SA	775-825
International	100	June '02, 1½ Qy	177-185
Jefferson	100	July '02, 3 Qy	198-200
Lafayette	100	July '02, 10 SA	525-574
Mechanics Nat.	100	July '02, 2½ Qy	290-300
Merch.-Laclede	100	June '02, 2 Qy	290-295
Northwestern	100	July '02, 4 SA	150-180
Nat. Bank Com.	100	July '02, 2½ Qy	395-396
South Side	100	May '02, 3 SA	128-132
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk.	100	Apr. '02, 3 SA	123-125
Southern com.	100	July '02, 3 SA	110-115
State National	100	June '02, 3 SA	216-218
Third National	100	Mar. '02, 2 Qy	320-321
Vandeventer Bk.	100		110-120

*Quoted 100 for par.

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Cen. Tr. Co.	100		175-176
Colonial	100		216-217
Com'nw'th T. Co.	100	July '02, 2 Qy	310-316
Lincoln	100	June '02, 2 Qy	268-269
Miss. Valley	100	July '02, 3 Qy	448-450
St. Louis Union	100	July '02, 2½ Qy	383-385
Title Trust	100	July '02, 1½ Qy	117-119
Mercantile	100	Aug. '04, 1 Mo	418-420
Missouri Trust	100		122-122½
Ger. Trust Co.	100		209½-210

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS.

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J & J	1912 101-102
10-20s 5s	J & J	1907 108-109
Citizens' 20s 6s	Dec. '88	
Jefferson Ave.	M & N	1905 105-107
1½s 5s	F & A	1911 106-107
Lindell 20s 5s	J & J	1913 115-116
Comp. Heig'ts U. D. 6s	J & J	1913 115-116
do Taylor Ave. 6s	M & N	1896 105-106
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-1½s	Dec. '89, 50c	
People's	J & D	1912 98-103
do 1st Mtg 6s 20s	M & N	1902 98-103
do 2d Mtg 7s.	Monthly 2	100-101
St. L. & E. St. L.	J & J	1925 103-107
do 1st 6s.	M & N	1910 101-101½
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	J & J	1913 102½-103
do Baden-St. L. 5s		83-84
St. L. & Sub.	F & A	1921 104½-105½
do Con. 5s	M & N	1914 117-120
do Cable & Wt. 6s.	M & N	1916 113½-114
do Meramec Rv. 6s	J & D	1918 120½-121
do Incomes 5s.		51-54
Southern 1st 6s.	F & A	1932 98-99
do 2d 25s fs	A & O	1932 98-99
do Gen. Mfg. 5s.	July '02, 1½	84½-84½
U. D. 25s 6s	J & J	87½-87½
E. St. Louis & Sub.		30½-31
E. St. Louis & Sub.		
United Ry's Pfd.		
4 p. c. 50s		
St. Louis Transit		

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	100	Jan. '02, 4 p. c.	277-280

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Car. Fdry Co	100	July '02, 1½ Qy	32-33
Bell Telephone	100	July '02, 1½ Qy	91-92
Bonne Terre F. C.	100	May '02, 2 Qy	165-170
Central Lead Co.	100	May '06, 2	2-4
Cen. Coal & C. com.	100	June '02, ½ Mo	128-135
" pfd	100		67½-68
Consol. Coal	100	Jan. '02, 1	19-19½
Doc Run Min. Co	10	Mar. '02, ½ Mo	128-135
Granite Bi-Metal	100	Nov. '01, 1	190-195
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100		93-98
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '99, 1	48-52
Kennard com.	100	Aug. '01, 10 A	110-115
Kennard pfd	100	Aug. '01, 3½ SA	116-120
Laclede Gas com.	100	Mar. '02, 2	88-89
Laclede Gas pfd.	100	Dec. '01, 2½ SA	107-108
Mo. Edison pfd.	100		44-46
Mo. Edison com.	100		17½-19
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Jan. '02, 1½ Qy	100-101
Schultz Belting	100	Jan. '02, 2 Qy	97-100
Simmons Hdq Co	100	Mar. '02, 6 A	158-160
Simmons do pfd.	100	Sept. '02, 3½ SA	140-142
Simmons do 2 p.	100	Oct. '01, 4 SA	139-142
St. Joseph L. Co.	10	Mar. '02, 1½ Qy	19-21
St. L. Brew. pfd	10	Jan. '00, 2	66-68
St. L. Brew. com.	10	Jan. '99, 4	61-62
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept. '94, 4	55-65
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Feb. '02, 1 Qy	113-115
Union Dairy	100	Nov. '01, 2 Qy	115-115½
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	Apr. '02, 2 Qy	600-610
Westhaus Brake	50	Mar. '01, 7½	160-200
" Coupler	100		47-48

ever. The company earns a large surplus, estimated at 12 per cent on common.

D. J. A.—Don't overstay this market. If you have a good profit, sell. N. & W. is known as a "lobster." The company is hardly able to increase the dividend.

J. J. W.—You were too much in a hurry. Never bite off more than you can chew. Would advise you to reduce your holdings.

J. F. S.—Don't be disturbed about current rumors. The stock is well held by excellent people. Jefferson Bank stock, while slow, is attractive as a 6 per cent dividend-payer. Would not advise you to buy the other bank stock you mention.

WHY HENRI PRODS GROVER.

A great man can afford to be generous, and Henry Watterson is a great orator, great writer and great musician. A man of many moods, he is about the last of the Old Guard of great editors. His savage article on Grover Cleveland was undignified, uncalled-for and dangerous. The people will pardon the petulance of Mr. Bryan for scolding Mr. Cleveland, for the reason that the Sage of Princeton kept the Nebraskan from reaching the White House in 1896. Mr. Bryan made a mistake, but he was the victim of Mr. Cleveland's desertion of the Democratic party in a critical period of its history. Mr. Watterson blundered savagely and blindly and viciously. He denounces Mr. Cleveland as a party traitor and yet, in 1896, Mr. Watterson bolted Bryan's nomination and the *Courier-Journal* espoused the cause of Palmer and Buckner. It doesn't look well for the kettle to reproach the pot for its sooty appearance. The truth is, Mr. Watterson's animus is not political. Away back when the Sage of Princeton was King at the White House, he grievously stabbed the pride and wounded the sensibilities of the Kentucky Hotspur. The story, as told by Mr. Macon McCormick, the noted correspondent, is as follows: "It is well within the memory of middle-aged men when Grover Cleveland was President of the United States and Henry Watterson editor of the *Courier-Journal*, was one of his chief friends and advisers, and not, as he now is, one of his severest critics. In those days Mr. Watterson was *persona grata* at the White House and its frequent visitor. In one of these visits, President Cleveland, who could not spare the time himself from his official duties, requested the editor to escort Mrs. Cleveland to the theater. Mr. Watterson gladly complied. The star was Clara Morris, and the President's wife was delighted with her performance, so much so that she expressed a strong desire to meet the actress. 'That is easily enough arranged,' said Mr. Watterson. 'She and I are old friends; I'll send her a note and tell her of your wish. She will be delighted to meet you.' Accordingly the note was written and dispatched to Miss Morris by one of the ushers. In a few minutes it was answered as Mr. Watterson had anticipated, and at the end of the act the editor escorted Mrs. Cleveland behind the scenes and into Miss Morris' dressing room,

where he introduced the first lady of the land and the actress. Of course, Miss Morris treated Mrs. Cleveland with the greatest consideration. After the performance Mr. Watterson escorted Mrs. Cleveland back to the White House. 'Oh, Grover,' exclaimed Mrs. Cleveland, 'I have had a delightful time. I not only saw Miss Morris act, but I met her personally, and found her a charming lady.' The information was not as pleasant to the President as his spouse had expected. On the contrary, his brow clouded, and, turning to Mr. Watterson, he said in tones of anger, 'When I confided my wife to your care, I expected you to give her all the protection that your age and experience would call for. If my wife desired to meet Miss Morris you had a private box, and you certainly could have had them brought together in it. You should not have taken Mrs. Cleveland behind the scenes and into an actress' private dressing room. Such a proceeding was undignified and not the proceeding I had a right to expect you to give her. You should not have gratified what was more the prank of a schoolgirl than the behavior of the first lady of the land, and you should have protected her against her own folly.' There was more said by the President of the same tenor. I had this story from Mr. Watterson's own lips. This was one of the first causes of the break in the friendship which, up to that time, had existed between the President and the editor. Now it is doubtful if it will ever be restored." This was a most caustic rebuke, more caustic than the circumstances called for. Clara Morris, on and off the stage, was a model woman, and the best people in America honored her with their friendship. But this is neither here nor there. Mr. Watterson perpetrated one of his famous blunders when, as the editor of a great Southern newspaper, he poured forth the vials of his wrath upon the distinguished citizen of New Jersey, who has led the Democratic party to victory twice since the war.—*Dallas Beau Monde*.

GENESIS OF THE MOON.

Children's views of many common phenomena are often very entertaining. A little girl, five years old, asked what happened to the sun after it set, promptly replied: "It rolls itself up in a little ball like a hedgehog. And that's the moon."—*St. James' Budget*.

PRACTICE NEEDED—"Ah got no use fo' de man," said Charcoal Eph, in one of his philosophical turns, "dat donates er thousan' dollahs t' de heathen fund ob de fashionable church wid one han' an' raise de rents on his tenement houses wid de udder. Ah 'spec' he bettah begin practicin' crawlin' fro' de eye ob de needle, Mistah Jackson!"—*Baltimore News*.

Society Stationery—Mermod & Jaccard's.

LETTERS of CREDIT

Those holding our own letters of credit, can always, while traveling in foreign parts as strangers, look to the bankers named in our list of correspondents as old friends, ready and willing to assist with their experience and advice.

Mississippi Valley Trust Company,

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CRAWFORD'S

Down Lower than Ever

GO THE PRICES on All Remaining Summer Stuff. Everything to be Cleared out, Regardless of Cost, at this Great August Sale. First come, first served; so be on hand early.

Greatest August Clearance

Shoe Sale.

Low Shoes, Oxfords, Sandals, Slippers, in a mad rush and scramble to get out of the house in the narrow time limit of this sale. Prices will be squeezed to nothing in the crush.

CHILDREN'S SLIPPERS, sizes 5 to 8.....85c, 75c and 49c
 MISSES' SLIPPERS, sizes 12 to 2.....\$1.25, 98c and 85c
 CHILDREN'S TAN SHOES, \$1.50 quality, lace and button.....59c
 LADIES' KID OXFORDS, cut prices.....\$1.48, 98c and 79c
 LADIES' PATENT OXFORDS, \$3.00 and \$2.50 grades, cut to.....\$1.98 and \$1.48
 LADIES' SLIPPERS, Colonial style, cut to.....98c

Muslin Underwear.

For \$1.75—Women's Cambric Skirts, Umbrella Ruffle, trimmed with choice embroidery—cambric foot ruffle, were \$2.25.
 For 50c—Black Lawn Corset Covers, low neck and full front, neck and arm-holes trimmed with hemstitched ruffle, were 75c.
 For 20c—Women's Muslin Drawers, finished with umbrella ruffle, were 29c.
 For 50c—Extra size Corset Covers, V-shaped, trimmed with four rows of embroidery and edge, to fit 44 to 48 inch bust measure, were 65c.

Special Low Prices on

Hosiery.

Ladies' Imported French Lisle Thread, high-grade novelties, vertical stripe and stripe around; also boot patterns, were \$1.50 and \$1.00, now.....75c and 50c
 Ladies' imported French Lisle Thread Lace, opera length, fast black; also drop stitch lisle; Hermsdorf dye, were \$1.00 and 75c, now.....35c and 25c
 Ladies' All-Silk Hose, high spliced heels and toes, red, blue, lavender, pink and white, were \$2.00, choice.....\$1.00
 Infants' and Children's Imported Mercerized Silk Finish Lace Sox, 4 to 7½ inches, black, white, blue, pink and red, worth 35c, choice to close.....19c

Carpets and Rugs

The unexpected arrival of our Fall stock of Carpets and Rugs fully a month earlier than was ordered, makes it rather awkward for us to find room for them. To help matters out we have decided to inaugurate AN AUGUST SALE AT PRICES FULLY 25 PER CENT BELOW THE ACTUAL VALUE OF THE GOODS. Have your Fall Carpets made and laid aside. You may not get such another opportunity.

Our Tapestry Brussels Carpets, bought to sell at 75c a yard, will be sold in this sale for.....50c
 Our Tapestry Brussels Carpets, bought to sell at 90c a yard, will be sold for.....65c
 Our 10-wire Brussels Carpets, bought to sell at \$1.00 a yard, will be sold in this sale for.....75c
 Our Velvet Carpets, bought to sell for \$1.15 a yard, will be sold in this sale for.....85c
 Our best Wilton Velvet Carpets, bought to sell for \$1.25 to \$1.50 a yard, will be sold in this sale for.....\$1.00
 9x12 best Axminster Room Rugs, bought to sell for \$25.00, will be sold in this sale for.....19.50
 9x12 Woven Brussels Room Rugs, bought to sell for \$20.00, will be sold in this sale for.....\$15.00
 9x12 All-Wool Reversible Smyrna Rugs, bought to sell for \$25.00, will be sold in this sale for.....\$18.50

Wash Goods

75 pieces Mercerized Cotton Foulards, a nice variety of colors, were 29c—now.....10c
 We have just received 500 pieces of all the different styles and colors of Plaid Gingham, good assortment for children's school wear—a regular 15c quality for.....10c
 Our entire stock of fine Lawns and Swisses, in all colors, that were sold at 10c and 25c, now.....12½c
 All of our remaining stock of 45c, 39c and 35c Madras, in white grounds, with polka dots and fancy stripes, now.....25c

Summer Corsets.

Summer weights of Silk Batiste Corsets in the celebrated C. P. and J. B. makes, in pink, blue and lavender; \$5.00 Corsets, to close.....\$1.98
 R. & G., Sonnette and American Lady Corsets, in broken assortment of sizes, \$1.00 values.....69c
 Tape Girdles, all sizes, of 75c value, this week.....49c
 Summer Straight-Front Corsets, in all sizes, 75c ones for.....49c

Waists, Skirts and Suits.

Now 98c.
 Special for this week—All our fine \$2.00 to \$2.75 White Waists, handsomely embroidered—now 98c.
 Now \$4.98.
 Don't miss this grand special bargain of Ladies' Sample Tailor-Made Suits, black, castor, gray, brown, blue and oxford, were \$16.50 to 22.50—now \$4.98.
 Now \$15.00.
 Ladies' Black Taffeta Silk Traveling Raglans, man-tailored, were \$27.50—now \$15.00.
 This week we started a grand Clearing Sale of all our beautiful fancy Foulard Costumes. Don't fail to see them. Note the following prices:
 Now \$7.50, were \$16.50.
 Now \$15.00, were \$32.50.
 Now \$12.50, were \$25.00.
 Now 16.50, were \$35.00.
 Now \$27.50, were \$55.00.
 No extra charge for altering.

Harness Department.

12 sets of Sample Harness, single and double strap Kay saddles, open or closed bridles, black or tan lines, worth from \$30.00 to \$35.00—cut to.....\$25.00
 25 sets of Single Strap Buggy Harness, 1¼-inch trace, 3-inch strap saddle and stitched with Campbell lock stitch, fully warranted, worth \$15.00—cut to.....\$12.50
 15 sets Single Strap Buggy Harness, good stock and well made, worth \$8.00—cut to.....\$4.98

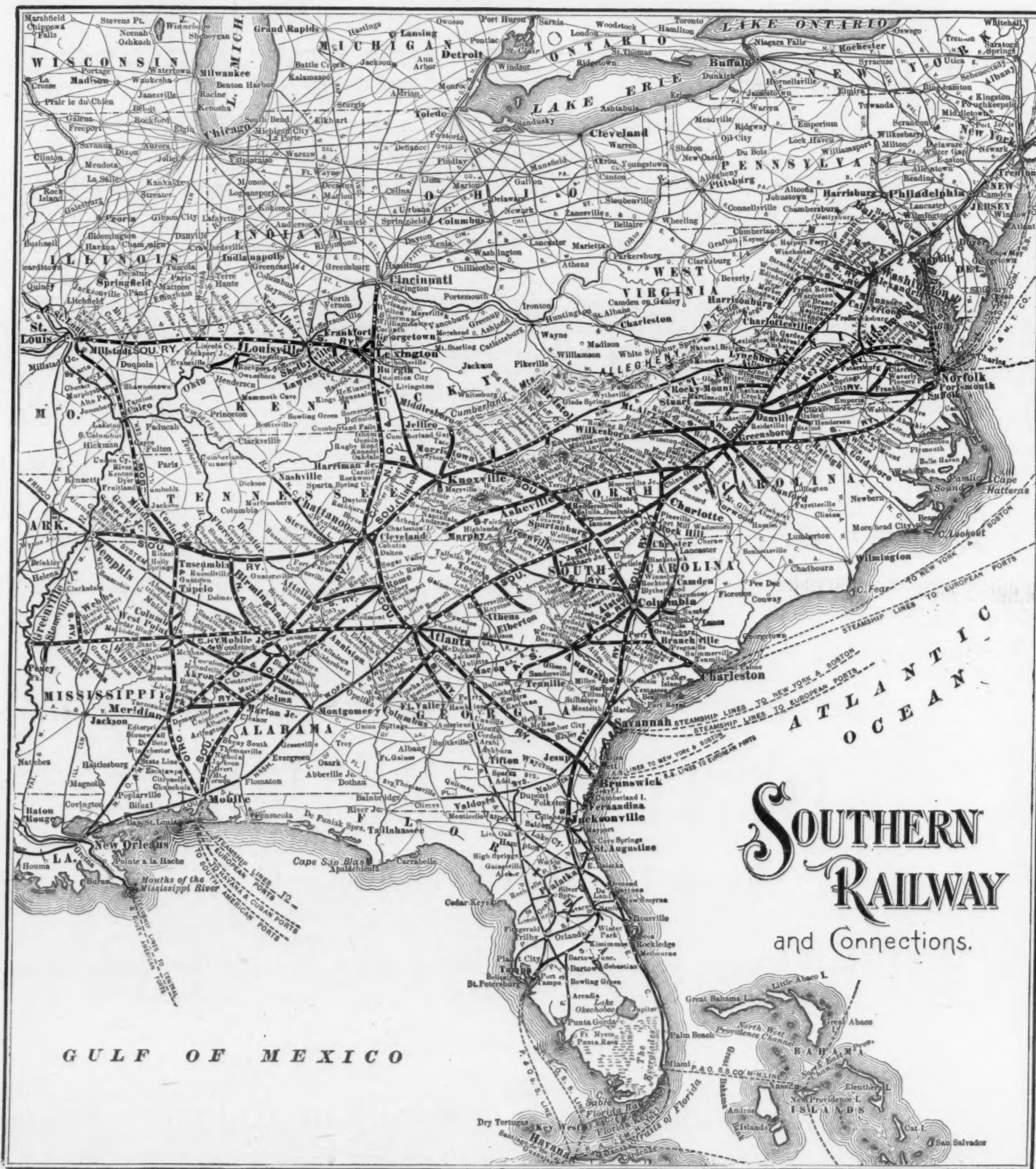
D. Crawford & Co.,

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.

The Mirror

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During the Summer and Fall months, everything is at its best in

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It is a pleasant place, well suited for those desiring absolute rest, and equally well equipped for anyone wanting out-door exercise. Since the reopening of the Crescent Hotel, under its new management, and with its many additions and improvements, Eureka Springs presents a livelier appearance than ever before. It is but one night's ride from SAINT LOUIS, via the



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